The Bluestocking

Verda Kenan

Seymour, Texas

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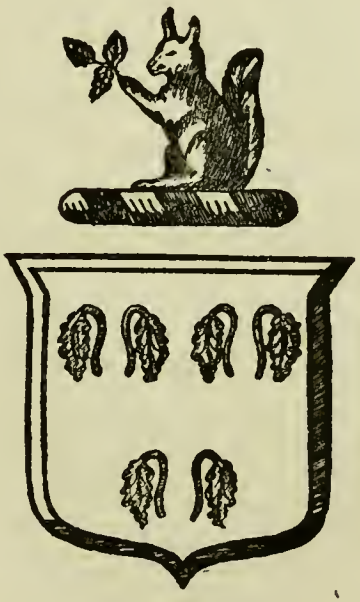
BW Landes

The Bluestocking

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit"



1907-1908

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the honored president of the Board of Trustees and our revered friend, this volume is respectfully dedicated by

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" Devise wit; hold, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."

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A Dream of Bluestockings

Bas bleus! les femmes savantes! O golden days
Of *salons*, courtly poets, ladies wise,
With myriad ringlets, jeweled robes, and eyes
Whose glance gave riches of reward or praise!

Bluestocking dames! Of London now we dream,---
Of hoop-skirt times, of good old tea-cup days,
And gallant Dr. Johnson's ponderous praise,
With Carter's learning, Burney's wit the theme.

BLUESTOCKING still, in twentieth century days!
No courtly poets, gallant pedants now:---
Maidens, with fingers cramped and aching brow,
For M. B. S. would win fresh meed of praise.

Prizes

TO Mr. Landes, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Crowell and Mr. Lang, who kindly offered prizes for the best essay, the best story, the best verse, the best art work and the best kodak picture, respectively, for the Bluestocking of 1908, the Literary Society in behalf of the Annual, extends sincere thanks; and also to the judges who made the decisions.

The prizes were awarded as follows: For the best essay, "Of Walter Pater" to Miss Katie Newton; the best story, "A Woman's Way," to Miss Viola Cooke; the best verse, "A Pedigree," to Miss Marie Oldham; the best art work, to Miss Katherine Street; the best Kodak picture, "Hill Top in Winter," Miss Helen Harrison.

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	Janet Wilson	Virginia
ART —	Gertrude Gardes	West Virginia

A smiling face, bright, merry eyes,
Wherein a world of sunshine lies:
Capricious Ruth, our studious friend,
May every joy thy path attend!

" My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind."

" As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes hearers drowsy with the harmony."

" The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And, oh, that eye was in itself a soul!"

" The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but lightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!"

" In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed:
To make some good, but others to exceed."

SAPERE
AUDE

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The Mary Baldwin Miscellany

Vol. X Staunton, Va., March, 1908 No. 2

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Evening Twilight

Out on my lap I spread them,
My treasures of the past;
Though the thrill of joy has left me,
Their memories sweet still last.

A little faded rosebud,
A note, and a knot of blue
Bring back again the hours, dear,
That I have passed with you.

Oh, let my truant fancy
To the by-gone years return;
As I sit here with my treasures,
Let the torch of memory burn.

Let me dream the old dreams over
By the firelight's flickering glow,
With a heart still fondly beating
For the days of the long age.

—Mary Grattan.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

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I

II

VIII

IX

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VII

X

XI

IV

VI

V

ΑΣΑ

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(Founded 1901 at Farmville, Virginia)

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FLOWER
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I
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A
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Φ
WE LIVE
FOR EACH
OTHER

Alpha Delta Phi

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(Founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, 1851)

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Blue and White	Violet

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EPSILON — University of Tulane, New Orleans, Louisiana
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ETA — University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

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XI
IV
ΑΔΦ

Clubs

C O D

C. O. D.

COLOR
Red

FLOWER
Carnation

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La Dusca Welling

ZTZ
L.N.O.

Z. T. Z.

MOTTO

"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you; but do them first."

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Red and Black

FLOWER
American Beauty

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Josephine Willis, Kentucky

Owl Club

COLORS

Grey and White

FLOWER

Moon Flower

PASSWORD

"Up all Night."

MEMBERS

"Erney" Cutts

"Beau" Hazzard

"El" Heck

"Lil" Harrison

"Buzzard" Hazzard

"Kid" Hull

MASCOT
Black Cat

COLORS
Green and Black

FLOWER
Cattail

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D. D. F.

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Black and White

FLOWER
Night Blooming Cereus

GRAND KEEPER OF THE KEY
Gertrude Garden

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1
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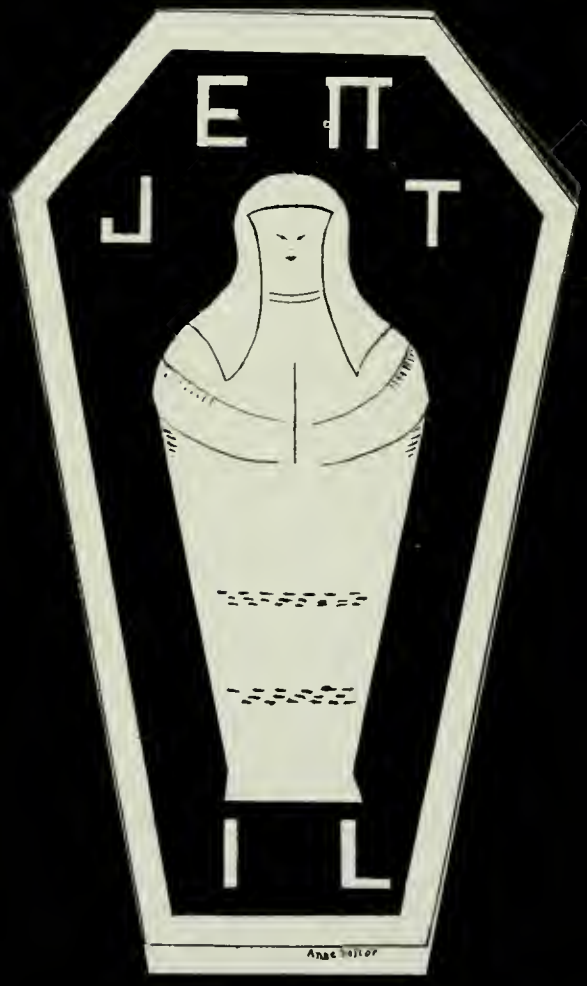
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Most worshipped Gods of the Himalayan Region
1. Lord of the Kailash and the keeper of Sacred Lake
2. Mother Goddess
4. Protector Warrior
5. Head and Guide
6. Shiva's Companion
7. Mother Goddess
8. Warrior God
10. Vedic Knowledge Wisdom
11. Medicine God
12. Many Purpose Deity
13. Mother Goddess

Lilla Dale Nichols. Pres.

Mary Belle Hobson Ernestine Allen Cutts

Beaumont Hazard Electa de Pugh Lilian Harrison

Dorothy Byrd Lewis Nell Carrington Claudia Collier

Spotswood Le Moine Anne Selby Mary Linn

Josephine Le Master Margaret Terrell Helen Pole

Mary L. Stull Lillian Thurman

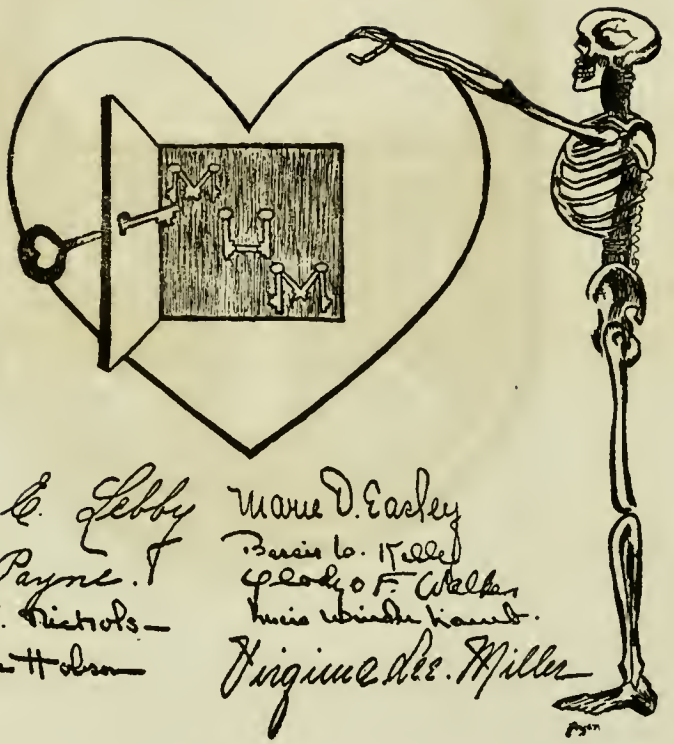
YE LARKS AND YE CROWS

LARKS	CROWS
Mary "Linn"	"Spots" Le Moine
"Maggie" Terrell	Marie "Easley"
"Miss Anne" Apgar	"Spry" Willis
"Joe" Le Master	"Lazy" Shepherd
Lucie "Lamb"	"Nelle" McCluer
	"Earl" Terrell
	"Mike" Kelly
	Mary "Hover"

P. S.

MEMBERS

" Monk " Carrington	" Mike " Kelly	" Beau " Hazzard
" Erney " Cutts	" Smear " Greider	" Earl " of Terrell
" Spry " Willis	" Sorry " Nichols	" Nixie " Nix



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Emilia Payne.
Sara L. Nichols—
Mary Fuller Hobson
Marie D. Easley
Bessie Lo. Tillet
Gladys F. Walker
Lucie Windsor Hamlett.
Virginia Lee. Miller

"LET'S OUR CASES KEEP"

COLORS

Lavender, Orange, Crimson, Koral

FLOWER

Lilac

Apgar	Linn	Pole
De Pugh	Lewis	Shepherd
Hover	McCluer	Terrell
Hughes	Nichols	Willis

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Helen Pole
Elizabeth Shepherd
Ruth Bradley
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Mary B. Crittenden
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Marie Easley
Gertrude Garden
Thalia Gillett
Lilian Harrison
Frances Headley
Mary Hughes
Lucile Hull
Mary M. Jones
Bessie Kelly
Fannie Lacy
Lucie Lamb
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Mary Staley
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Margaret Terrell
Florence Townsend
Edith Wright

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Pauline Greider
Elizabeth Going
Dorothy Graves
Alice Hazzard
Beaumont Hazzard
Maude Harris
Lilian Harrison
Elsa Heck
Mary Belle Hobson
Mary Hover
Mary Hull
Mary Hughes
Bessie Kelly
Lucie Lamb
Anne Lebby
Josephine Le Master
Spottswood Le Moine
Dorothy Lewis
Mary Linn
Catherine Markell
Nelle McCluer
Virginia Miller
Helen Nix
Lilla Nichols
Sara Nichols
Marie Oldham
Dorothy Overman
Matilda Omwake
May Priddy
Helen Pole
Emily Puller
Cecilia Payne
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Marion Sherwood
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Mandolins

Lilla Nichols Pauline Greider

Guitars

Ernestine Cutts Evelyn Treadway Mary Hover

Piano

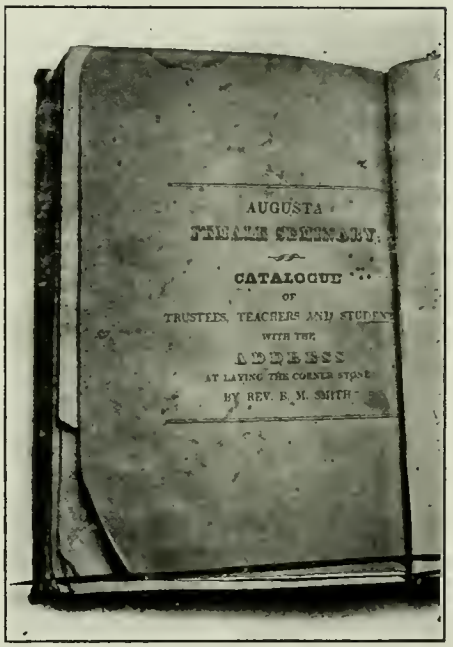
Mary Staley

Mandola

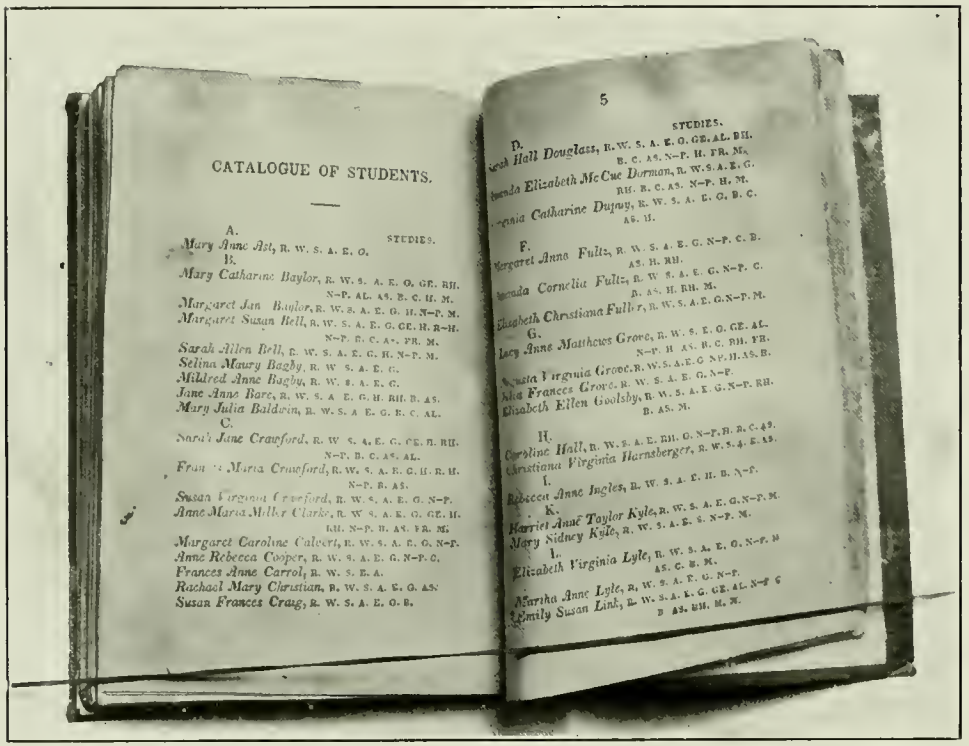
Mr. Beardsworth

For Auld Lang Syne

OST of us are fairly familiar with the catalogue of Mary Baldwin Seminary in its present attractive form. How many, I wonder, have ever discovered in the Library, that unique little pamphlet of 1844, which contains the first catalogue, safely sandwiched in between a formidable Discourse on Prelacy, and the Address on the Laying of the Corner-stone of our Main Building. The tiny book measures scarcely six by four inches, and the title, here reproduced, is modestly printed on the back of the cheap paper cover of good old Presbyterian (?) blue. Within, "Subscribers to Mr. Smith's sermon are informed that the following Exhibit of the Augusta Female Seminary, with the Address, is appended simply for the purpose of giving it a wide gratuitous circulation. The price of the sermon (12 1-2 cents) is the only charge made to them."



When we discover that the name of each pupil is accompanied by her list of classes, abbreviated thus,—" R—Reading, W—Writing, S—Spelling," we are enabled to unravel the mysteries of Miss Baldwin's course of studies, given among others on the following page.



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D.

Sarah Hall Douglass, R. W. S. A. E. G. GE. AL. RH. B. C. AS. N-P. H. FR. M.

Amanda Elizabeth McCue Dorman, R. W. S. A. E. G. RH. B. C. AS. N-P. H. M.

Virginia Catharine Dujay, R. W. S. A. E. G. B. C. AS. H.

F.

Margaret Anna Fultz, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. C. B. AS. H. RH.

Amanda Cornelia Fultz, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. C. B. AS. H. RH. M.

Elizabeth Christiana Fuller, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. M.

G.

Lucy Anne Matthews Grove, R. W. S. E. G. GE. AL. N-P. H. AS. B. C. RH. FR.

Augusta Virginia Grove, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P.

Alice Frances Grove, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. RH.

Elizabeth Ellen Goolsby, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. RH. B. AS. M.

H.

Caroline Hall, R. W. S. A. E. RH. G. N-P. H. B. C. AS.

Christiana Virginia Harnsberger, R. W. S. A. E. AS.

I.

Rebecca Anne Ingles, R. W. S. A. E. H. B. N-P.

K.

Harriet Anne Taylor Kyle, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. M.

Mary Sidney Kyle, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. M.

L.

Elizabeth Virginia Lyle, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P. AS. C. B. M.

Martha Anne Lyle, R. W. S. A. E. G. N-P.

Emily Susan Link, R. W. S. A. E. G. GE. AL. N-P. AS. RH. M. N.

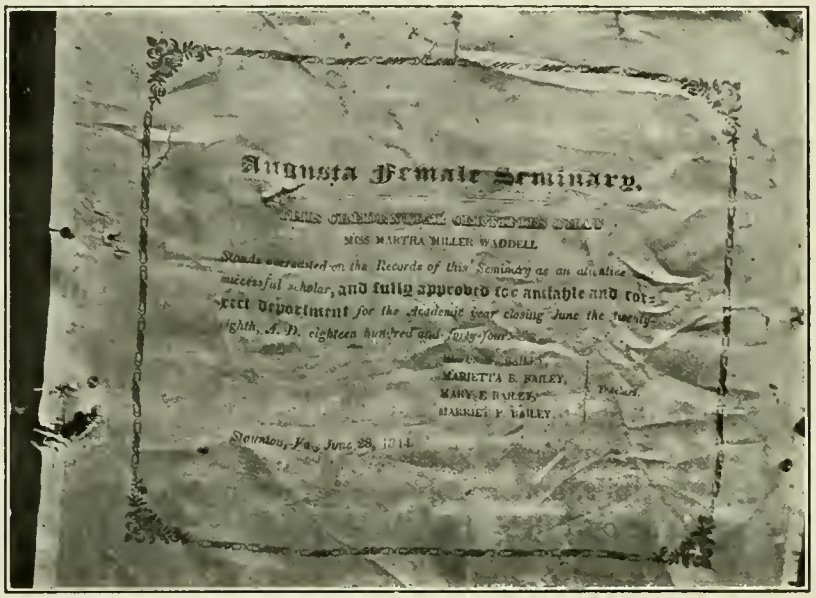
Inspired to further research, we learn that the Augusta Female Seminary was started at the instance of the Rev. Rufus W. Bailey, a native of Maine. The school was opened during the fall of 1842, in the upper rooms of a frame house on the corner of New Street and

Court-House Alley, and later removed to the north side of Greenville Alley. Pupils from out of town found homes in private families, "Where the social and domestic habits may be cultivated through the whole course of education." The whole expense of board and tuition for the Academic year was one hundred dollars for the Literary course, one hundred and thirty dollars for the higher course; "Contingencies to each pupil fifty cents!" So successful did the enterprise prove that ways and means were soon devised whereby a suitable school building could be erected. The place chosen was between New Street and the Presbyterian Church, then a most unsightly brickyard, but after its purchase, made beautiful by the efforts of the congregation, who had it enclosed, graded and planted with trees.

On June fourteenth, 1844, two years from the humble beginnings in the upper room, the corner-stone of the first building of the Seminary was laid with fitting ceremonies. In this stone were deposited a large copper plate inscribed with the names of the trustees, officers and pupils, and a Bible enclosed in oil-skin, with the superscription, "The only Rule of Faith and the first text-book of the Augusta Female Seminary." The address of the day, made by the Rev. B. M. Smith, Pastor of Tinkling Spring Church was issued by Mr. Bailey with the little original catalogue described above, of which the copy in our library is, so far as known, the only remaining specimen. The first building was the central part of what we now know as Main Building, with its portico and columns. The second floor was the school-room, the first floor being set apart as a church lecture-room.

The closing exercises of the school were held on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of this same month, and were witnessed by a large assemblage. During this year the school numbered sixty pupils, among them, as has been noted, Miss Mary Julia Baldwin.

Another curious relic of these early days, still to be seen in the Seminary, is a nine inch square of soft fringing white satin, worn and yellow with age, bearing the following inscription:


Augusta Female Seminary.

MISS MARTHA MILLER WADDELL

Stands enrolled on the Records of this Seminary as an amiable successful scholar, and fully approved for amiable and correct deportment for the Academic year closing June the twenty-eighth, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-four.

MARIETTA E. BAILEY,
MARY E. BAILEY,
HARRIET P. BAILEY,
Teachers.

Staunton, Va., June 28, 1844.

When the school year lasted from the first Monday of September to the end of June, absolutely without vacation, a "credential" might justly emphasize "amiable and correct deportment!"

Mr. Bailey's resignation in 1849, was followed by a succession of five principals, all men, until 1863 when Miss Mary Julia Baldwin and Miss Agnes R. McClung were elected principals, the former with full authority over the school and the appointment of teachers, the latter with charge of the boarding department.

May I quote concerning Miss Baldwin from the history of the Seminary by Joseph A. Waddell?

"Miss Baldwin was reared in Staunton and was highly esteemed for her mental culture and spirit of benevolence. Previous to the war, there were no public free schools in Staunton, and her feelings were enlisted in behalf of the many poor children growing up without an education. Having a small patrimony, furnishing her some means, she rented a school-room, and inducing several women to assist her, she opened a charity school. . . . She stated that, if she survived her grandmother with whom she lived, her purpose would be to open a school for girls, and devote herself to teaching, not merely as a means of support, but of leading a useful life. Her grandmother died early in the year 1862, and she then began a private school in rented premises. . . . While she was an infant, one side of her face was smitten with paralysis and sadly marred. As she grew up to womanhood, she was not unconscious of the disfiguration, and was often wounded at the discovery that strangers were gazing at her 'with eyes of curiosity.' But it did not cause her to become misanthropic or to shrink into retirement. She had duties to God and her fellow-creatures to discharge, and in spite of all embarrassments, she bravely sought to discharge them. At home, among her familiar friends, the disfiguration of her face was hardly thought of, . . . no woman in the community was more admired and loved." Such was the woman who came from her little private school, to mould the Seminary, which to-day proudly bears her name.

Miss Baldwin loved pets of all kinds, and her "Happy Family," as she called them, were fortunate in the love and tender care of their mistress. The trills and carolings of twenty birds in a large circular cage on the front porch, could be heard far down the street, while the warblings of other birds in smaller cages in the office hall, lent a happy and contented note to the surroundings. Besides these songsters, there were two magpies, a red bird and three parrots. Two of the parrots were Miss Baldwin's special favorites; one, the green

parrot, was called Polly Baldwin. The grey parrot was always taken to dinner, and perched on the back of Miss Baldwin's chair during the meal. Two dogs also claimed their share of attention; one of them, Beauty, being her devoted and constant attendant.

The quaint, old-fashioned garden with its terraces, two fountains, and beds of flowers, especially the tulip bed, was Miss Baldwin's delight and pride, and under her supervision, kept in irreproachable condition. Among this wealth of flowers, the fernery, the stumpery, the rockery and the shellery, had their due share of attention.

A familiar figure at the Seminary in the old days, was "Uncle Ches,"—stooped with age, but with smiling ebon face framed in snowy hair. "Uncle Ches" was proud that he could serve "Miss Julia," even as he had served with loyal devotion her father and mother, and nowhere could he have found in his declining years more tender care than he received at the hand of Miss Baldwin. One of his few daily tasks was the carrying of the mail. It was his delight to have the girls crowd around him to see what mail he had on his return from the office, and in response to their inquiry, "Is it a very full mail, Uncle Ches?" he would always reply, "Pretty full mail, marm," whether the basket on his arm bore fifty letters or two. Before his death, he became very feeble and childish, and it required much tact and care on the part of Miss Baldwin to manage him.

Among the many stories which the "old girls" of those early days love to tell, is that of the alarm clock which Miss Baldwin bought to waken some one who wanted to take the four-thirty train the next morning. After making her purchase, which was carefully set by the obliging jeweler, Miss Baldwin returned to the Seminary in time for prayer-meeting, then held in the afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church—our present chapel. Suddenly the reverent quiet of the service was broken by a loud "Bur-er-r-a-ting-a-ling-a-ling!" from Miss Baldwin's corner. Surprise, amusement, suppressed

titters followed the persistent "Ting-a-ling-a-ling." The little alarm had gone off sooner than had been expected.

One wintry day found a little old woman seemingly stooped under the burden of years, heavily veiled and dressed in rusty black, waiting in the parlors of the Seminary for Miss Baldwin. So small was she that her feet were scarce able to touch the floor, and her hands, folded in patient submission, led one to think, although her face could not be seen, that her life had known its share of sorrow. To Miss Baldwin's pleasant greeting and inquiry as to what she could do for her, the little lady expressed a desire to be shown over the Seminary, and especially the Art Gallery, for as a girl she had been much interested in drawing and painting, and she was anxious to see "what the girls now-a-days were doing." Together they went from room to room, and soon were climbing the steep stairs to the Art Gallery. Here Miss Baldwin took her companion's arm, and helped her slowly and carefully up the stairway, pausing every few steps for breath, fearful lest she should go too fast for the comfort of her aged guest. After a thorough inspection of the Art Rooms, with many expressions of appreciation on the part of the little lady, the two returned to the parlors. Hardly were they seated, when, presto! the veil was thrown back, and a bright voice, in strong contrast to the little quavering tone of a few moments ago, said, "I fooled you this time, Miss Baldwin!" Surely enough, the little old lady was one of the girls, "fixed for the occasion," and especially great was Miss Baldwin's enjoyment of the joke, when she remembered the tender solicitude with which she had assisted her visitor to the Art Gallery.

For the following glimpse of the Seminary in war times, I am indebted to an article by Miss Gussie Bumgardner, published in the Augusta Female Seminary Annual for 1893. As we of the present time pore over the conjugation of *amo, amas, amat,* and the proper-

ties of x, y, z, our minds free from care and excitement, we can scarce realize the anxious flutterings of the school girl hearts in the days of '62. In the fall of '62, Miss Baldwin opened school with thirty boarders and one hundred and twenty day pupils. How should they be provided for when flour cost twenty-five dollars a barrel, with other things in like proportion? At the beginning of the session, there was an abundance of every thing to eat—kind friends had aided Miss Baldwin in her efforts to obtain the winter supplies—the question then was, "How could these things be kept?"

In the war days, Staunton was a centre for army supplies, and therefore filled at nearly all times with the wearers of the blue and the grey. The contents of every larder must needs be well secured. Miss Baldwin had procured forty barrels of flour, but where could she put them? A quick-witted school-girl solved the puzzle. A few hours' labor, and the barrels of flour were no longer visible, while each room boasted a pretty round dressing table, in dainty draperies! But even with this stratagem, there were not enough rooms to contain all the barrels, so the remaining flour was sewed up in a tick, and made to serve duty as a bed. On hearing that the blue-coats were near, "the thinnest girl in school,—and it is said that she was the only thin one,—chalked her cheeks to a ghastly white and got into the bed of flour." During the usual search made by the Federal officers, Miss Baldwin opened the door of the darkened room, when suddenly a ghostly figure rose up in the bed, as if wakened from sleep. The startled officer backed out of the room with a murmured apology for disturbing a girl so ill. Needless to say, the flour was saved, for the dainty "dressers" aroused no suspicion.

Many hands made quick work at the wood-pile, whenever that dread cry, "The Yankees, the Yankees!" was heard. At the sound, every occupation, no matter how important, was dropped, and a grand rush was made for the wood-pile. Two girls would seize upon a log of

wood, an end on each shoulder, and off they'd go to deposit it in the dark and hidden precincts of the cellar.

At another time, when the Federals were in town, the girls hid the hams in all the available places in the school-room. The stoves were filled, and then a ham was placed in each desk. All was done just in the nick of time, for each girl had hardly snatched a book and settled herself at her desk, when the searching party entered. They saw only a very studious company of girls, surprisingly indifferent to their presence. What would they have thought had they discovered that many of the books were upside down? A casual glance sufficed, and as the party left the room, one of the men said that the girls didn't seem much afraid. Whereupon a saucy Miss, who overheard the remark, replied, "What's in you to be afraid of?"

The girls' efforts, however, were sometimes disastrous, as, for instance, when some of them attempted to roll a barrel of sorghum up the dining-room stairs, and the head came out of the barrel. "They had this consolation, however,—if *they* could not eat that sorghum, neither could 'the Yankees.'"

During all this time, the haven of refuge for the girls was "Grandmother's room." "Grandmother" was Miss McClung's mother, who made her home at the Seminary. Whenever the "blue-coats" were in town sometimes as many as thirty girls could be found here. "Grandmother" would have her hands full soothing their fears, and here they would stay until perchance Jackson and his gallant soldiers would come marching up the Valley; when away would go the "blue-coats." Then what times followed as the girls practiced for the *soiree* that was always given for our own soldiers, and how their fluttering hearts beat upon the entrance of the gallant lads in grey.

No one in telling stories of those exciting times ever forgets the cow or the cats. Only one cow was left to the Seminary, and what

times the girls had keeping her from falling into the wrong hands! Stratagems worthy of a great general were devised, for well they knew that if this one precious cow was lost, their scanty allowance of butter once a day would be gone. The cats were the mistaken gift of a kind friend. One day, while the girls were engrossed with their lessons, a small darkey appeared in the doorway carrying a large sack and announcing, as they thought, that his mistress had sent Miss Baldwin some "cakes." To the consternation of all, when the bag was opened, *cats* of all sizes and colors scrambled out. The friend had heard that the Seminary was infested with mice, and had thought to do a service by sending the cats to the rescue. Provisions were too precious, however, to take in so many new boarders, so the cats were returned to the giver with thanks.

Sunshine and shadow marked that school year; but with a never-failing fund of cheerfulness, the girls bore every shadow, every deprivation, and seemed to enjoy on that account every little diversion three-fold. What cared they if butter and gravy never appeared at the same meal, or if they had to drink coffee made from rye and sweetened with sorghum? What cared they if there were no two dishes alike at the dinner-table, a cut-glass goblet beside a china mug?

The close of the war meant a great loss to the Seminary — all that remained was a large amount of Confederate money, now "worthless," a few articles of second-hand furniture, and several musical instruments. Some necessary articles were procured from Baltimore on credit, and as means came in, equipment was gradually added.

As we look at our Seminary, now so peaceful in its setting of green lawn, and think of the troubled days of the past, as we compare the equipment of to-day with the few advantages so highly prized by our mothers, we can but wonder if we realize what we have to be thankful for.

MABEL LEONORE HARDENBROOK.

Of Walter Pater

TOWARD the middle of the nineteenth century, English literature had been and was still being enriched by many new ideas and many new ways of expressing them. It was only natural that the great reading public should not wholly appreciate the beauties and the originalities of these new writers nor detect their faults, which were often as great as their merits. Because of this fact, there sprang up a group of men who wrote what they called creative criticism—that is, criticism which was an art in itself and which served as eyes to those who were less keen of perception.

The representative of this group of writers who did most in perfecting the art of criticism was Walter Pater. During his life-time, no one paid much attention to his work and it was not until his death, in 1892, that his writings began to be fully appreciated. His life was that led by hundreds of other English students. With the exception of several trips to the continent, the greater part of his fifty-two years was passed away in quiet, scholarly seclusion at Oxford. There he spent his time reading and thinking—and then writing out the result of his reading and thinking. His few friends felt that they knew really nothing about the true character of the man, and it can be learned only from his books.

In "The Child in the House," one can readily see that Pater is describing his own childhood, and can recognize the influences which moulded his sensitive, beauty-loving soul. His artistic qualities are

explained by the fact that he was descended from Watteau, the old court-painter; but Watteau himself could not have made us see more clearly than Pater makes us see the house where he spent his childhood,—a dignified old house of red brick "with a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there, and a garden bright all summer-time with golden rod, and brown and golden wallflower." From the roof he could see the spires of the great city, above which hung a heavy, rolling cloud of smoke, which the child loved to watch because of the crimson and white lights shining through it. The influence of this house increased his love for beauty, dignity, grace—for all that was comely. Perfectly happy in his sense of harmony between his soul and his physical surroundings, he enjoyed his childhood to the fullest. "Sensibility—the desire of physical beauty—a strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music—these qualities the child took away with him, when at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house." His school and college days Pater describes in "Emerald Uthwart," but in this one does not get as clear an insight into his soul as in "The Child in the House."

Pater's style is so easy, his method of expression so perfect, that it seems to have come naturally to him. This, however, was not the case, for although nature had given him a mind filled with beautiful thoughts, it was only by hard work that he learned to express them so well. In his essay on "Style" he tells how this was accomplished. First, there is but one word which can express the idea he has in mind, and this word he always finds by diligent searching through his large and well-assorted vocabulary. With racy Saxon monosyllables he mixes long, dignified Latin words; he restores the fine edge to many unused words, for in his eyes a word is a wonderful thing—carrying latent color and imagery to his fastidious scholarship. "Words," says he, "are color and light and shade, through one's

living in the full sense of them." There was mind in Pater's style, not mere mechanism. He thought clearly, logically; therefore his sentences, paragraphs and whole essays are compact and forceful. Only the exact words are used — not one too many or too few—to make the reader see and think as Pater does. Sometimes this very perfection makes the style a bit monotonous. It spoils the reader, too; for after reading Pater he feels some trouble in understanding a writer less clear and logical.

The soul in Walter Pater keeps him from giving too little thought and attention to the idea, and too much to his method of expression. His most noticeable quality is his love — almost worship — of beauty, whether of color, form, perfume or sound. He was always on the alert for anything which pleased the senses. Now we can see the effect of his childhood days spent in the old house: there he first experienced a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects; there first he noticed the perfect nicety of the workings of nature and of the human mind; there first came to him the desire to give men "fairer roses."

This desire became the object of his life. To carry it out he gave especial study to the great painters and to the poets of his time. The result of his study of art he wrote in the "Renaissance." With a wonderful insight into human nature, an appreciative sympathy and a perfect knowledge of artistic technicalities, he makes men see "fairer roses" than ever the artist painted. He does the same thing for modern English poets in his "Appreciations."

Some writers have made the statement that Pater is merely sensuous, that he cares only for beauty, not for truth or depth of thought. But is not "beauty truth, and truth beauty?" "Beauty," says Pater, "runs along fineness of truth." He had no great truth to reveal to men, no great thought to let them share, nor great invention to help lighten their burdens. Such as he had, he willingly

gave,—a clear insight into men's minds and into the workings of nature, a full and perfect appreciation of whatever is beautiful and true. Having given all the richness of his soul, "though dead, he yet speaketh."

KATIE MONROE NEWTON.

Our Alma Mater

(TUNE — AULD LANG SYNE.)

Should Baldwin schooldays be forgot
And never brought to mind ?
We'll take a peep at kodak views
Of days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We'll make the hillsides ring again.
We'll sing thy lasting praise;
And then we'll give a hearty cheer
For dear old Baldwin days.

Then here's a note to ring alway
In prose, in song, in rhyme,
We'll sing, our Alma Mater dear,
Of M. B. S. schooltime.

— ANNIE TILLERY.

A Woman's Way

BETTY, Betty, how could you?" groaned the man, his head between his hands, his broad shoulders shaken with deep voiceless sobs. Through the open door the wind blew cooler, chilling both the room and the man; but he felt it not. Beyond the high mountains, the fierce red of the autumn sky stretched itself out into a pink-hued gold, that soon lost all of its warmth of coloring in the tender folds of soft lavender mists. And the mists put forth thousands of little, unseen hands, and slowly drew over their delicate forms the rich, sheltering purple mantle of night. One by one the mountain flowers nodded their pretty heads; one by one the mountain birds sought their snug, feather-lined nests; one by one the sheep and the cattle followed the tinkling sound of the leader's bell toward their warm shelter in the valley; one by one the angels hung out the lanterns of God in the blue-black darkness above, to twinkle lovingly, watchfully, over the sleeping earth.

Still the man sat with bowed head in his great rough chair.

A large, shaggy shepherd dog came nosing to the door. He stole noiselessly over to his silent master, and then back again to the door, where he laid himself down, with head resting between his paws, to watch, so, with the stars.

The mind of the man was taking him back, back to the long ago. He was a boy, fishing in the brook that ran so merrily through Farmer Hill's pine woods. On the bank beside him, a little girl in blue gingham was digging for worms,—worms for *his* line. Every

time she touched a wriggling body with the stick with which she dug into the dark ground, she screamed,---just a little, so as not to scare the fishes.

"I'll *dig* for 'em," she had said, "but I won't *touch* 'em."

Again, and they were in the orchard. They were picking cherries. Every now and then he would call to her to look, and while she held her breath in anxious fear, he would climb clear out to the end of a very high bough, or hang by one hand, or balance on one foot. Now memory brought him to the close of a certain summer's day, when she and he were standing at the gate of her home. The warm evening air was heavy with perfume of the countless roses that bloomed in the garden behind them. As she came out to meet him, her fresh white dress clinging to her slender young form, her hair tumbling in dark curls about her fair face, he had mentally thought her the fairest rose of all.

How beautiful she was! How proud *he* was!

He could hear her silvery laughter again, and the low music of her voice as she greeted him. And then— It was a foolish little quarrel; she herself had laughed over it, afterwards, in the letters which had been his inspiration in the three long years just passed. But at the time, it was serious. With her quick eye she had taken in his dress, and the collar that he wore had displeased her.

"David Commers," she said, "do you reckon I'm going with you with *that* collar on?"

"Why Betty," he had answered, "you don't want me to go back and change it, do you?"

"Why David," she mocked, "you don't want me to go to Bess Corrin's party with you wearing *that,* do you?"

He tried to explain to her; but she refused to listen,—sometimes a woman's way. Then he had coaxed, argued, grown angry, and finally threatened not to go at all.

"Very well," was her reply, with a little toss of her head, "then I'll go on without you. I'm—heigh—oh! John! John-n-n!" she suddenly called, raising her pretty hands to her full blown lips to form a sort of trumpet. And John, passing by on the high road, heard her, and came running down at once. He always was ready to run after a petticoat, had been David's disgusted remark about him one day. Betty knew David hated him, therefore Betty took particular delight in favoring him with her smiles. But now she gave him not only her smile, but she gave him also her hand on his arm, and together, they left him, David, alone among the roses.

* * * * * * * *

The weeks passed by without a word or a sign between them; and the faint gray clouds of their own making, hid from their unsuspecting eyes the terrible thunder clouds piling up so silently, just behind them. Suddenly, without a sound of warning, they broke through the thin gray wall, and shattered it from end to end. And later, David, stunned and broken, lifted up his face—but branded a *thief*. A thief! How bitterly did he recall that awful day, when not one man in all the town had raised a hand of belief to his self-sworn innocence. Ah! the injustice of it all!

The man groaned aloud. The dog by the door stirred, then lay quiet again; and the man kept on in his tryst with his thoughts. It was evening in that far-off land. It was the evening of his disgrace, and once more she came to him. He was standing at the end of the narrow lane that led to all that he had ever known as "home,"—his little pathetic bundle containing all his worldly possessions, slung across his back, a hard smile resting upon his lips.

"David!"

It was hardly more than a breath, but it fell upon his ear.

"David,—oh, David!" He turned, half-dazed, and took her small outstretched hands in his own big ones.

"David," she whispered, brokenly. "They told me — you — were going — away. I — I don't — believe — you took the — money. I — I want you to know — that. I was so afraid you'd — be gone. I ran to tell you. I — David --- I — I'm sorry about the — collar — and I --- oh, David, don't go; don't leave me!"

How like Betty, he had thought,--- so faithful and true when tried.

Again the man in the chair groaned with the pain of remembrance of their tears, their tender kisses, embraces, their promises. *Promises!* He sprang to his feet with a bitter laugh. Promises! God, what were promises --- *to her?* Playthings, to caress to-day, to cast off to-morrow.

"Promises! Promises!" laughed the man.

"Promises! Promises!" echoed the mountains.

The cold, gray, silent mountains. The man went out to them,--- to them and the night, with the faithful dog trotting at his heels. And back in the cabin, near the vacant chair, there lay upon the floor a ghostly, fluttering object, a piece of paper, bearing the words:

"Married, August 17, 18 —, Bettina Purdman to John Richard McLue."

* * * * * * * *

In the space of twelve years and the ordinary run of things, a quiet rural village can rise --- if it have any ambition whatsoever --- to a busy town, large enough to need a newspaper, a bank and a modern hotel. At least, such were the things the great David Commers observed on his return to his boyhood's home, after an absence of twelve years. As he rode through the main thoroughfare of the prosperous business section, he was amazed to discover how few were the faces he could remember. What better sign could there be of a growing American town? David's praises fairly overwhelmed the proud, fussy little Mayor by his side, who grew red and squirmed and fidgeted with delight. And why not? Was

not the great David Commers returned in triumph to his own,— and was he not accepting the hospitality of the Mayor's home?

In that home David recognized, in spite of the fresh paint and modern improvements, the old rambling manor-house of Judge Kinnesley. "The Judge," the Mayor explained in answer to David's query, "went the way of the good folks five years ago. The new place beyond, in the old garden? Oh, that was the summer home of the McLues. Young McLue made a pile of money, but too fast to prove good for his moral digestion. *He* went the way of——" and the little Mayor winked his little grey eye. "Eh? Mrs. McLue? Ah, there was a lady, a *lady!* Mr. Commers perhaps remembered her as Bettina Purdman? How delightful? Mr. Commers would meet her that evening at the reception."

A few minutes later, and David found himself alone in the guest chamber. He went to the open window and looked out upon the town as it lay before him in all of its holiday colors, donned especially for his home coming. How strange it all seemed. It *was* good to get back, in spite of all the old bitterness. But how everything had changed; even he had changed; most of all, she — had changed! So that was her home, that great house on the opposite hill. How like her to have it buried among flowers,--- among all those roses; at least, she had not changed in that.

"I wonder if she was happy," mused David. I wonder if she *is* happy."

* * * * * * * *

The county had never before known such a sumptuous affair as the reception given in honor of the great David Commers' return. It seemed as though the people could not do enough to atone for that day when they had let him go, without a chance to prove his innocence. It was a mysterious thing, though, for the real culprit's name

had never been made known. The people had simply believed old John McLue when, three years after the lad had left them, he had publicly declared David's innocence. While he could not, he said, disclose the name of the real offender, he would take his oath that the boy they had driven away was as guiltless of the theft as he was himself. He had been the victim and the first accuser, though he had refused to prosecute the lad. They had never before doubted old John McLue's word, and they did not doubt it then; so there the matter had rested.

David felt that these good simple people were trying to make amends, not because of his present success, but because they really loved him and regretted their hasty judgment. It was this thought, as they passed in line before him, that caused him to clasp each one by the hand with the tenderest of emotions playing at his heart. And it was this, perhaps, that weakened his hold upon himself and left him powerless against *her* coming. For the moment, he was unconscious of everything except that Betty, more beautiful than he had ever dared to dream of her, was standing before him. Mechanically he took the hand she offered, and mechanically he turned toward the gawky youth who stumbled forward as she in her wondrous beauty passed on.

The rest of the evening went by he knew not how ; for his brain, his heart, his very soul were full of her. Twelve years! Had there ever been a day in all that eternity when she had not been with him? He must speak with her; this silence was unbearable. See, there she was over by the alcove, always surrounded by a group of ardent admirers. Would they never leave her? Should he never be free from this incessant stream of flattering guests?

* * * * * * * *

The moon shone full upon the quaint, old-fashioned garden

which enclosed the Mayor's home. Its soft rays danced undisturbed on low flower-beds and high tree-tops, for the bright lights in the manor-house no longer glared forth from the many windows to laugh defiance at the milder beams without. So the soft rays danced; and, in flitting here and there, caught the features of the man who walked in and out among the tangled pathways. Strong features they were, not beautiful in themselves, but beautiful because of their strength. The straight nose, the firm lips, the square jaw; they would probably have been called fierce if the blue eyes had a whit less fire in their expression. Back and forth the big man paced, the only visible sign of the struggle which was raging in his breast being the clenched hands he held behind his back, and the determined outward thrust of the clean-cut chin.

"I won't go to her," he was arguing. "I won't go to her. She cast me off without a word." But how hard it was to stay away! How beautiful she was! How like—yet how unlike—the girl who had plighted him her faith with tears. No; she could not care,—and yet— What a fool he was! Would he play a bigger fool and go to her now? What idiots those confounded human beings had been who had followed her and him at every turn. He might as well have been at the North Pole as in the same room with her!

"Really, are you *still* worrying about that collar, Mr. Commers?"

Her voice! She was mocking him again in the old sweet way. She had done it a hundred times in his dreams. Yet he could not be dreaming now,—he---was he going mad?

"Oh, I'm not a ghost; I won't hurt you. See; there's my hand."

No; he was not dreaming; he was not mad. The cool touch of her hand made him realize her presence:---she had come to him again.

"Was it not stupid," she said, "not to have one little chance to

speak with each other all the evening? Twelve years is a long time. I saw you walking here in the moonlight, so I ran away from my place over there — and — and—here I am. Why don't you say something to me! Are you not glad to see me?"

Glad!

The word ran like fire through every vein; all the barriers of nine years' making crumbled before it. With a low cry he seized her hands.

"Glad, Betty, *glad?* Ah, Betty — sweetheart—you know it. I have loved you so long! How could you; ah, Betty, how *could* you treat me so! Do you remember that night, twelve years ago? — the moon was shining just as it is now. It was the night I went away. Like an angel of light you came to me in my darkest hour, and you gave me hope and courage. Betty, you were not playing with me then. Tell me that you have always been true to your promises, as I to mine, and that the rest — your marrying him — was all a hideous mistake. Sweetheart, look at me. Ah; your eyes, Betty,— it was the memory of your eyes as they looked into mine,—when you begged me not to leave you, that has kept me from believing, even in the face of fact, that you were not true to me. You saved me by your faith when all the world doubted. I can not doubt you. Dearest, there was some mistake?"

The girl lifted her head and the blue light of her eyes was as dark and deep and glorious as the wonderful night which hung over the garden. The tones of her voice were full and low as she answered him.

"Yes, there was a mistake,— that was not all a mistake; but I thought there was no other way. No; do not stop me, I want to tell you all. God gives us pain to-day, dear, that we may be happier to-morrow, and *our* to-day is no longer to-day, but to-morrow. You remember, three years after you went away, you wrote me of

the magnificent opportunity that had been opened to you,—an opportunity which would make you what you are become, the great David Commers,—if,—it is a dreadful big little word, dear,—*if* you could only clear your name of that shadow which had followed you even to those western hills. But—there was no way to clear it; your future, your splendid future, lay beneath your very hand, and you were powerless to reach out and touch it. You were bitter, then, David. Your hope and happiness seemed blotted out.

"We were both very young, dear. You were too young to hold me above your ambition, while I was too young to understand. I was jealous,—was jealous, dear, of your ambition. For months your letters had been so full of what you meant to do, to be, that I, in my foolish little heart, was hurt because I thought you had ceased to care for me, or, at least, to care enough. I thought you could never be satisfied and happy in my love, alone.

"I lost that last letter—and *he* found it. There is little more to tell. He came to me and gave me his word that if I would marry him, he would clear your name, so that you could go on and make your future. He came at the right moment,—perhaps he knew,—I do not know. But I wanted you to be happy—to have your chance. I believed it was the only way, so I married him. I did not know it was *he* who had taken his father's money and thrown suspicion on you till afterwards, and then it was too late.

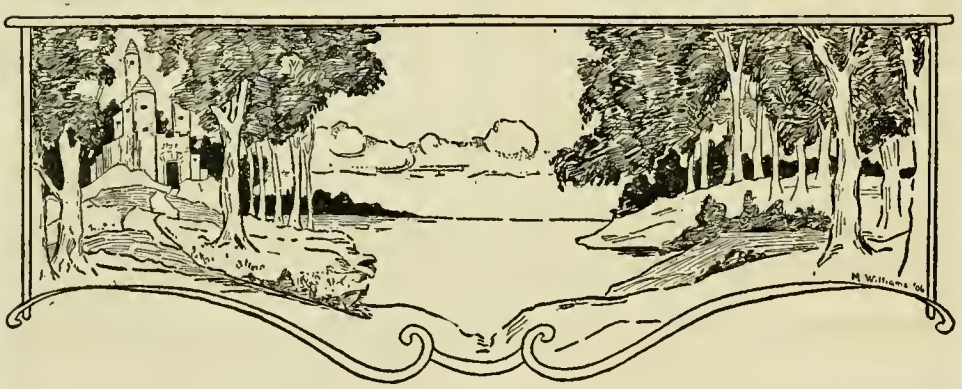
"No, David,—wait. It was his father who put you right among the people; he staked his word. But he was an old man, and proud; he could not tell them his own son was the thief. He died soon after, broken-hearted. The other,—we were man and wife in name only. One night they brought him home. The life he had lived was too reckless. It brought its own punishment, as always. I nursed him to the end. It was not long."

Over in the east, the faintest gray light appeared; from far back

in the garden came the soft trill of an awakening bird. The girl heard the sound, and smiled. Raising one arm she pointed towards the distant light in the sky.

"See, David," she whispered, "it is our to-morrow."

VIOLA COOKE.



A Pedigree

The mother of Invention was an ancient worthy dame;
She had common-sense, was practical,—Necessity, her name.
She married young Intelligence, a man of rarest brain,
Whose attributes, when linked with hers, were the basis of their fame.

Their first son, young Invention, was an individual youth,
But his father's vast intelligence surpassed his mother's truth:
His imagination fertile, soared to regions in the sky,
And his mother's practicality forsook him, by and by.

Though his patrician lineage forbade plebeian ties,
He wedded young Miss Riches, with fair hair and big blue eyes.
She was a little butterfly, and while her pile of pelf
Encouraged young Invention, she interfered herself.

Though she was indeed quite childish, her vast riches helped to do
The life-work of her husband, whose great worth the public knew.
They had a son, Success; but their nephew, Imitation,
Who was envious and wicked, hurt his cousin's reputation.

He later killed Success, and his young wife, Hope, did take.
She, ambitious, true and faithful, soon regretted her mistake;
For as blackness ruins whiteness, one can see the reason why
The son of Imitation, was common little LIE.

—Marie Oldham.

A Glance at Historic Staunton

THE school-girl of the present day, walking the Staunton streets in her daily trips to and from the Seminary, finds it hard to realize the time when the savage Indians hunted the buffalo and other wild animals over these hillsides. Everyone knows, of course, that the first passage of the Blue Ridge and entrance into Virginia was made by Governor Spotswood in 1716. He found the portion of the Valley in which Staunton is situated entirely uninhabited, but marked by the burial mounds of a people that had perished. Buffalo roamed everywhere in great numbers, so that one of the neighboring gaps in the mountains took from them the name which it still bears of Buffalo Gap.

Governor Spotswood gave such glowing accounts of the country that it was not long before men began pouring into the Valley. The first permanent settlement was made near Staunton, in 1732, by a Pennsylvanian named Joist Hite. Another of the settlers was John Lewis who gave to the twin hills near which he made his home the names of Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, after two similar hills in Tyrone County, Ireland. These names are sometimes explained by a romantic story of two young girls killed here by Indians, but this has no foundation in fact. The names seem really to go back to Scotland, where Betsy Bell, daughter of the Laird of Lednoch was paying a visit to her dear friend Mary Gray, daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid. The Plague of 1645 broke out and they fled from the horror to a tower built out in the hills. There a young man from the town,

said to have been in love with both girls, brought them food from time to time. But at last he also brought them the dreaded contagion, and both died and were buried in a double grave near the Almond River. Scotch colonists from the region carried the names with them to Ireland, and in memory of the Irish hills, John Lewis christened our own beautiful Betsy Bell and Mary Gray.

After Lewis had settled, a flood of Scotch-Irish immigrants poured into the Valley. In 1748, William Beverly, son of Robert Beverly, the Virginia historian, and grandson of Robert Beverly who commanded the Royal forces at the time of Bacon's Rebellion, laid off the beginning of the town of Staunton within his own manor. Staunton is still within the Beverly Manor District, and the name is perpetuated in one of the streets as well as in many other ways. The surveying was done by Thomas Lewis. Proclamation for establishing a town in Augusta County was issued by Governor Dinwiddie; but for some reason George II. then on the throne of England would not issue a charter, and the town had to wait thirteen years for a king liberal enough to make the grant. The land was again surveyed, this time by Andrew Lewis. The streets that were first laid out are now several miles in the country, but they may still be traced. Near by is the grave of John Lewis. There may also still be seen around Staunton a number of old decaying mills that were erected before the town was founded.

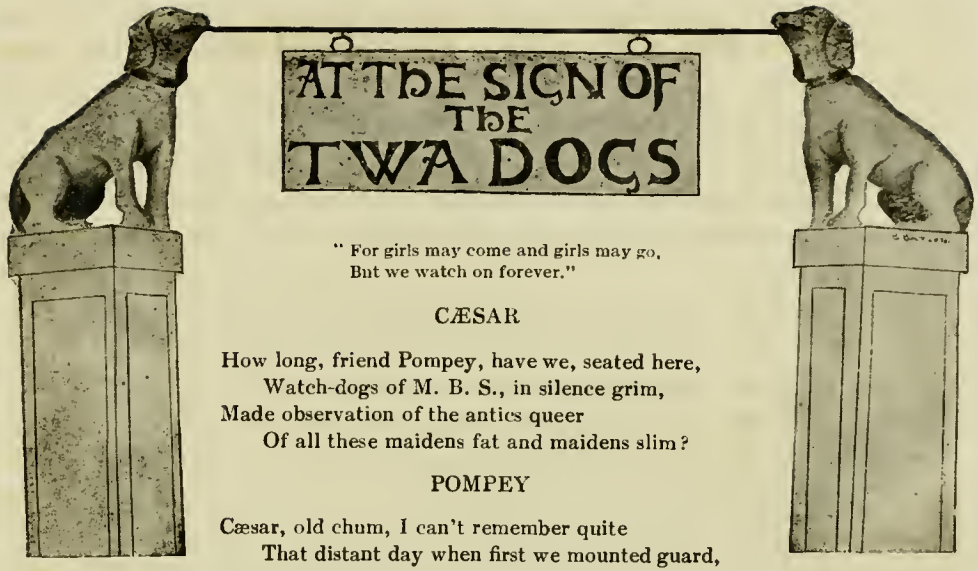
Why Staunton was so-called has been a question for years, but it was stated that the name was given in honor of Lady Gooch, wife of Governor Gooch, who was Governor of Virginia when the town was begun. She belonged to the English family of Stanton. There is also a town of Staunton near Kendal, Westmoreland County, Ireland.

One of the most interesting remnants of antique Staunton is the "Augusta Stone Church" which was built sometime between 1740 and 1755. According to tradition, men, women, and children labored

in the erection, carrying on horseback stone and timber for the structure, and sand from Middle River, which is only a few miles from Staunton. This church and that of Tinkling Spring were the first meeting-houses in the country.

If we leave the Colonial days and look into later history the very words "Shenandoah Valley" call up a throng of associations which we cannot here stop to consider. At some of the natural features of the country we may simply glance in passing. Nothing is more remarkable than the abundance of springs. One of the most curious of these, perhaps, is to be seen on a country road, where the water flows through the trunk of a willow tree, known as "Willow Spout." To the countless springs gathered in the limestone of the hills are due many wonderful caverns. The most famous in the region are, of course, Weyer's Cave and Luray Cave, but the recently opened Staunton Caverns are very interesting and full of curious and beautiful formations. Exploration is going forward, and every day something new is discovered. Whether we look then at the present day or at the historic past, we find Staunton, home of Mary Baldwin Seminary, well worthy of our interest and respect.

HELENA BARRETT LANKFORD.



" For girls may come and girls may go,
But we watch on forever."

CÆSAR

How long, friend Pompey, have we, seated here,
Watch-dogs of M. B. S., in silence grim,
Made observation of the antics queer
Of all these maidens fat and maidens slim?

POMPEY

Cæsar, old chum, I can't remember quite
That distant day when first we mounted guard,
So many lines of black and lines of white
Have come and gone through this green-terraced yard.

CÆSAR

Suppose we told one tithe of all we know,—
Wrote "Cæsar's Commentaries on the M. B. S.,"
Or "Current Topics Courteously Curtailed,"—even so,
'Twould make an interesting book, confess.

POMPEY

Right, Cæsar, "Every dog will have his day."
This may be ours. Last night, indeed, I heard
A book-laden girl who passed, distinctly say:—
"This is 'The Day of the Dog,'" that very word!
"And thereby hangs a tale!" Who will, shall read,
In cursory remarks and doggerel rhymes,—
Not an unbroken history, indeed,—
But many hints of M. B. S. good times.

M. B. S. Alphabet

A'S for the ANNUAL, our last one, we mean;
That the last is the best, is plain to be seen.

B'S for the Bell, in the belfry low,
Tolling the hours as they slowly go.

C'S for the "Chorus," whose voices sweet
Make cold shivers run from our heads to our feet.

D'S for Demerits, sole thing we receive
Without the Principal giving us leave.

E'S for Exams, which come only twice,
Cram well to pass and forget all in a trice.

F'S for the Fudge we make on the sly,
Cook, eat, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

G'S for the "Gym," where we frequently go
In silence (?) to trip "on the light fantastic toe."

H is for our stylish grey uniform Hat.
She who says it's not "lovely" is blind as a bat.

I'S for the Infirmary, a favorite resort,
For the curing of troubles of every sort.
J'S for Mr. Johnson, our guardian by night,—
Alas! our admirers, he soon puts to flight.

K'S for the Kableite, with sword and with gun;
Though killingly armed, from a teacher he'll run.

L'S for the Line of maids all in black,
With a crowd of boys following close in their track.

M'S for the Mail, well inspected it must be,
For fear lest our "cousins" write too often, you see.

N'S for the Novel received from a friend;
It's strange how much time on the way it can spend.

O is for Office where, grievous to say,
We often spend hours on Saturday.

P'S for the P. C., the pride of the school,
Who never was known to break any rule.

Q is for Question,— the one we know best
Is never the one that we get in a test.

R'S for the Rules, too numerous to tell,
But 'tis better to keep them, or things won't go well.

S is for *Soiree;* oh, what memories it brings
Of backaches and yawns, "circus benches," and things.

T'S for the Terrace, a fine place to spoon,
And to walk with your "case" by the light of the moon.

U'S for the Uniform of black and light grey;
"A fine combination," I am sure you will say.

V'S for Vacation, which we all hold so dear —
Of the best way to spend it, we talk all the year.

X is for Xmas, the time we love best;
When homeward we go to take a good rest (?).

Y'S for this Leap Year of Nineteen-nought-eight;
Take your fate in your hands before it's too late.

W is for Walking and also for Woe,
And the latter you'll have, if you skip or you go.

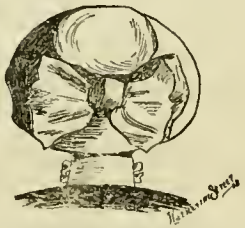
Z is for Zero. Good fortune defend
All M. B. S. Students from such a sad end.

The Uniform Hat

The uniform hat, oh, the uniform hat!
Now. honestly, what do you think about that?
Perk the bow up in front, let it flop down behind,
There's never an angle that's quite to my mind.

Let me turn the edge up, or turn the edge down,
Leave it smooth on the top or dent in the crown,
Give a twist to the left or a twist to the right,—
Instead of a beauty, I look a mere fright.

In vain to my coiffure I've given such care,
Built up like an artist this *chef d'œuvre* of hair,—
Puffs, *pompadour*, wavelets! — it's cruel, that's flat,
To hide so much style 'neath a Uniform Hat!



Historical Outline

(With the kind permission of Miss Riddle.)

1. Who — Miss Weimar and a P. C. of spotless record.
2. When — One March afternoon while the line was out walking.
3. Where — No. 4, Memorial Hall, M. B. S.
4. Why — (a) Epidemic of "spring fever" — only twenty-four out of two hundred girls respond to walking bell — (b) Miss Weimar's suspicions are aroused.
5. With what Result? — (a) A precipitate descent upon Memorial — (b) Rooms reached, No. 4 last of all — chair is seen rocking in the middle of the floor without "visible cause" — (c) "Cause" is found in closet under all her winter clothes.
6. Final Result — The P. C. who was, now walks in line every day.

A Musing

I sat apart and mused, and as I mused
There came to me an overwhelming sense
Of scorn at all the talents which, unused,
Lie crumbling in men's brains — and their defense
"We do not dare; the way is yet unhewn.
'Twere well to cling to traveled trails," they plead,
"From winds and tumults we are not immune,"—
But here my glance froze on a centipede!
Suppose he should divine my unvoiced plea
And, striking boldly out for newer fields,
Decide with knightly pluck to conquer *me!*
My vision dims, my coursing blood congeals,
He's at my feet when, shrieking 'gainst this doom,
I prove *my* strength — *by rushing from the room.*

— Marie Bowles.

Proverbs in Practice

Never too late to feast.

A caught girl dreads the office.

A girl in gloves needs no cuffs.

A "stung" girl dreads the bee.

A lesson skipped is a Zero earned.

Three shrieks are as good as a fire.

Great tales from little guesses grow.

A skip in time saves walking in the line.

A skipping girl gathers no Golden Reports.

A girl and her chafing-dish are soon parted.

A black silk muffler does not make a uniform.

A step into the closet saves two hours in office.

A creaking board is as good as a burglar alarm.

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

A day in the Infirmary is pleasanter than an examination.

Twenty cubic feet of enthusiasm is easier than a cubic inch of work.

A piece of Fudge in the mouth is worth a pound in the chafing-dish.

The Charge of the Elbow Sleeve

Half a sleeve, half a sleeve,
Half a sleeve downward,
All in the dining-room
Strode the two hundred.
'No more bare arm parade!'
Thus the stern edict said.
Into the dining-room
Strode the two hundred

'No more bare arm parade!'
Was there a girl dismayed?
Not tho' the culprit knew
She had no long sleeves.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or fly.
Into the dining-room
Strode the two hundred.

Elbows to right of them,
Elbows to left of them,
Elbows in front of them
Peeped out and wondered.
Boldly the charge they met,—
Cuffs, glove-wrists, stockinet,—
Long sleeves all by BAEVET.
Into the dining-room
Strode the two hundred.

Wrinkled old cuffs and limp,—
Perverse as any imp,—
Wide cuffs and cuffs too skimp
Covered the fore-arm, while
M. B. S. wondered.
Redly the elbows bare,
'Twixt cuff and sleevelet there,
Thrust out upon the air.
What did the maidens care?
Noble two hundred!

The Pursuit of Poetry

A STUDY IN "REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS"

BROTHER BOBBY LOQUITUR

What's that we had in Lit to-day, about my namesake Bobbie Burns?— "Love made him a poet?" Reckon I'll try it! I bet my Nell is as "handsome" as his was. She thinks entirely too much of that Hughes fellow, though. What right has he to be buttin' in? I reckon it's up to me to beat him. All those old duffers we read about wrote things to their girls when they were hard hit. I'll try their stunt,— Don't they say "Love is always the same?" Should think a Soph in High School might come up to a Scotch farmer boy of a hundred years back.

Gee! That's a go! She'll be tickled to death,— and won't Hughes be as hot as blazes? Now for it:

To be with thee—

(They always say "thee," I notice,)

To be with thee
On this fine day,
Would be—

Er — er — would be — (I want to work "valentine" into it somewhere) — oh!

Would be sublime
My own dear sweet Valentine!

The dickens! That don't sound exactly right. Maybe I can do better. Let's see:

Oh, here's to my Valentine true!—
Oh, here's to my Valentine true,
And on it, sweetheart, is you
Who are always so true
That I feel — I feel —

Oh, pshaw!

That I feel like sending you two
And here's to my Valentine true!

That sounds dandy, anyhow.—What did you say? Wants me at the telephone? I hope it's her.

* * * * * * * * * *

Well, sir, it *was* her. She's "it," all right! Makes a fellow feel great. That thing I wrote is too tame. Ought to have something in it about her looks. They most always do. Her hair and her eyes, now — you know — How's this:

Your hair don't fail
To curl — like — like — a vine on a rail —
Your eyes shine like the moon
In —

Oh, bother — moon — noon —

In the sunshine of noon!

That's a mess, sure. Better keep to the other tack:

My thoughts are of you —
And of nobody else —
Without you, what should I do?—

Do? do? How do I know what I would do?

I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep,
My! but I should be blue!

That's the best ever. I'll send her that. Bet old Hughes isn't turning on the poetry machine.

Oh, blazes! here's mother and she wants some of that old tea. Wonder why she can't remember to order it. Don't see why they can't let a fellow alone when he's writing poetry, anyhow. I was just getting under way, fine,— genius burning and all that. Like as not I'll lose my inspiration, but I reckon I'll have to go.

* * * * * * * * * *

Don't that girl beat the world? There she was as big as life, standing on

the drug-store corner with Hughes,— and blamed if she even looked my way! She don't get any lovey-dovey verses this trip. She isn't worth it. But I'll write her a valentine, yet,— and it'll be a scorcher. Talk about "Love" making a poet. I'm just bursting with poetry, now!

[Prolonged silence, broken only by the scratching of the pen.]

Phew! I believe I'd rather saw wood,— but here it is, and I'm going to mail it right quick.

TO NELL

I liked you once, but never more;
I'll tell you why, you are such a bore!
You think you are just the only one,
But there are others who are in for fun.
I know a girl with great big eyes,
And just as fine as pumpkin pies.
So now you see, there are others too
Can make me glad, so you "skidoo!"

Overheard by Wireless Telephone

[Speakers — the Two Dogs.]

CÆSAR

"Pompey, I have just been thinking
What a peaceful world 'twould be,
If these girls were turned to bronze ones,
Perched aloft like you and me."

POMPEY

"You are right, 'twould save much ear-ache,
Caused by human sharps and flats;—
Still our peace would not be perfect:
Even then, there are — the *cats!*"

Pete's Proposal

Yo sho do lub me honey.
I seen hit in yo eye —
Hit lit up kinder sudden
When yo handed me dat pie.

En speakin' ob pie, Mirandy,
I ax you dis t'ing, plaze
Bake me anudder lak hit,—
Hit sho did strike my tas'e.

Y' know I ain't been shif'less
Lak mos' dese udder coons
What stan' all day on de co'ners
D' ain't nuthin' but wuthless loons.

I got yo a little cabin
Down on Briarwood creek;
We'll lib dar erlone jes' lubbin,
All cozy en quiet en meek.

Mammy ben down dar er sweepin'
En dustin' up a spell;
She strew hit roun' wid flowers
En wash off de new paint smell.

I seen Brudder Brown yistiddy
He'll hitch us up rite good.
De winter am comin', honey,
So I hauled up a load er wood.

I done fix t'ings all ready
I sho hab done my part.
Put yo arms aroun' me, Mirandy,
En gimme dat sweet little heart.

The Gospel of Artists' Friends

(With Apologies to Kenyon Cox)

Work for money: don't paint or sing or carve
The work thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for love, receives the scorn of men;
Who works for fame, will see it wane again.

Work for the gold's sake then, 'twill surely be
That all the rest will quickly come to thee.

To Jamie McDonald

(A Burnsesque)

Hoot, mon! I've writ ye poetry
And sighed for ye so sair,
But now I'm thinkin' 'tis me turn
To show I dinna care.

So, lad, ye'll see the nose of me
Disdainful, upward tilted,
And it's new roses in me cheeks
I'll get for those ye've wilted.

I wisht ye wasna quite sae fair
For then 'tis small I'd pine—
Ah! Jamie, carn't ye smile a wee
And let the sun to shine?

—Marie Bowles.

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Annual Meeting of Alumnæ Association

AT the annual meeting of the Mary Baldwin Seminary Alumnæ Association on September 14, 1906, in the parlors of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, a motion was made, seconded and carried that a leaflet be sent to all members of the Association and other Alumnæ of the Seminary, setting forth in some measure the aims of the Association and the work it has done and is doing.

The committee was appointed, whose report hereby follows:

The object of the Alumnæ Association is to cherish and perpetuate that feeling of loyalty to her *Alma Mater,* which beats in the heart of every daughter of the Seminary, and to engender that same loyalty in the hearts of the daughters of the daughters.

To which end the Association has bent its energies first, to bringing together at its annual meetings as many of the old girls as possible, that they may renew the happy memories of their school-days; second, in order that the coming generation may be instilled with the same spirit which imbues their mothers, aunts, and cousins, all members are urged to disseminate their own enthusiam throughout their circle of young acquaintances. By so doing, they would uphold the arms of the Institution and insure to her the presence of pupils whose loyalty would be an inheritance.

As there are a number of such ambitious young girls, who cannot afford a higher education, it is the plan of the Association to devote its dues other than the necessary current expenses, to the endowment of scholarships.

At the present time the scholarship fund is only sufficient to maintain one girl—a day pupil—who, perforce, must be selected from the town of Staunton. During the past *eight* years *three* girls have received their education by means of this scholarship. But, if

the old girls from every State would arouse themselves, form local chapters, and bring into the Association every old Seminary girl in that State, it would be possible for each Southern and Middle State to endow its own scholarship and send a pupil to the Seminary. Think what a pillar of strength it would be, not only to our *Alma Mater* to enroll some twenty or more such ambitious young women, but also to the State, to which they return thoroughly equipped for the battle of life.

With a small effort on the part of each Alumna such a consummation might easily be effected. The dues are comparatively small —one dollar on enrollment and fifty cents per year thereafter. All that is necessary to put one's self in touch with this movement is to write to the Corresponding Secretary of the Home Association, Miss Margaret McChesney, 212 Kalorama Street, Staunton, Virginia, enclosing name for enrollment and fee.

Any member has a *right* and is *urged* to form a local chapter by calling together all ex-pupils of the Seminary in her vicinity, organizing them into a chapter and sending their names together with enrollment fees and a report of such organization to Miss Margaret McChesney; such report to be sent in one month previous to the annual meeting.

Granddaughters of M. B. S.

The following students enrolled this year are daughters — or granddaughters — of former students.

NAME OF DAUGHTER	MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER
Gretchen McCue Bell	Elizabeth Wilson
Ruth Bradley	Lillie G. Lightfoot
Mary Ellen Denham	Mamie Simkins
Katherine Effinger	Fannie Smith
Emily Gilkeson, Margaret Gilkeson	Cora Finley
Mary Preston Hanger	Emma Hogshead
Ann Henderson	Adella Dickens
Ellen Moore Howison	Anne Hotchkiss
Martha Irwin	Mary Ott
Bessie Kelly	Alice Reid
Kate Leftwich	Kate Herr
Elizabeth McCue	[Grandmother] Elizabeth Mish
Helen Gibbs Moore	Ellabel Gibbs
Clara King Nelson	Mamie Dyer
Katie Newton, Martha Newton	Kate McCall
Lilla Dale Nichols, Sara Nichols	Jennie Dale
Margaret Nottingham	Maggie Bailey
Lucile Payne	Ina Ast
Elizabeth Pancake	Margaret Gilkeson
Susan Brotherton Philips	Helen Brotherton
Rebecca Plowden	Margaret Louise Rodgers
Louise Priddie	Nina V. Wiess
Emily Robinson	[Grandmother] Laura Taylor
Elizabeth Timberlake, Nannie Timberlake	Lizzie H. Wilson
Sue Varden	Mollie Winger
Gladys Walker	Emily Sweet
Margaret Weller	Margaret Taylor
Edith Wright	Mary Van Lear Shunk

Extracts From the Foreign Mail.

[Through the kindness of friends we are able to give the following interesting bits of news from distant girls.]

[BY POSTAL CARD]

Kobe, Japan, October 10th.

Dear Miss Mattoon:

Can you imagine me this close to China? Well, truth is stranger than fiction, you know. I built my "castles" in China long ago, and it seems quite natural to be going to live in them.

Lovingly,

CORNELIA MORGAN.

Hwai-au-fu,
Via Chin kiang, China,
Nov. 30th, 1907.

My Dear Miss Weimar:

It seems such a long, long time since I have heard from "The Sem.," and it is a very long time since I have written, I know, though I believe hardly a day passes that I do not think of you all. The days are spent very much as they used to be in my four school years—in study—though the "weariness to flesh" is greater now, as I haven't the variety of different class-work and I still have to stand examinations on the Chinese language. I was the first victim of the new rule in our mission. Isn't it too bad? Besides the language-study, I have a share in our dispensary work now, Tuesdays and Fridays. Of course, I didn't know a thing about it before, but I am learning to treat the simpler women's and children's cases. They have the greatest confidence in my wise looks and are entirely satisfied if their pulse is only felt! And that is "all the good" I am yet.

Cornelia Morgan arrived in China last October, and is stationed at Yang Chow, on the canal—south of us. I haven't seen her yet, but have invited her up for Christmas and hope she'll be able to come. China is slowly accumulating a number of the alumnæ. Did you have a fine meeting at James-

town? Thank you so much for the notice of it that reached me last summer.

* * * * * *

We have just passed a very truly "Thanksgiving" Day, The famine is really over, leaving few ill effects. The fall crops have been good. The people are most grateful and friendly to us for the foreign help, speaking of the goodness of you friends in the home-land in coming to the rescue, when so many of the Chinese who were able, didn't lift a finger.

As ever yours,
Josey N. Woods.

[From Sadie Smith, M. B. S. 1902-1907.]

S. S. Tennyson, [En route for Brazil]
December 16, 1907.

Just over the old Equator—Bump!

Well, this is "Father Neptune's Day." We crossed the Equator early this morning and such a celebration as we had before lunch. Fun was not in it! The Purser, a jolly fat old Scotchman, dressed up as Neptune—in a rather warm costume for a water god—with a long flowing beard made of rope. Mrs. Neptune was the Second Steward, who had on a white dress belonging to one of the passengers. Then there were three policemen. They looked very funny too, carrying great big clubs. These were passengers who had crossed the line before. The Doctor was dressed up in a stove-pipe hat and a long-tailed coat and he looked very old and dignified with his white (cotton) mustache and beard, and blackened face and hands. Two of the funniest men were barbers. Just to look at them was enough to make any one laugh.

The procession marched around the upper deck and then down to the steerage deck. The god and goddess were seated on the hatchway and the others stood around at their command. Just at one side of this gathered assembly was the pool. This was constructed of planks with a large canvas nailed inside, and was filled with briny water by turning on the hose. I'm glad I did not have to test it.

The ladies were called on first. Miss Kuhl, an elderly lady, went down, spoke to the god Neptune, received her passport (a slip of paper on which was

written a few words appropriate to the person receiving it) and came up. The audience was lined up at the rail of the promenade deck, while the victims went down the steps to the ordeal on the deck below.

I was the first of the girls to be called down. I went bravely enough, but refused to sit in "Father Neptune's" chair, or rather his "company chair," for fear the attentive members of his court might gently pull the chair out from under me. After answering the funny questions asked by Neptune, I was turned over to the Doctor. The black rubbed off his hands, and I politely informed him that his hands were soiled, and asked him if he would please wash them. But he went on with my case. "Stick out your tongue." I did. Then he rubbed his hands on my forehead, and felt my pulse, all the while leaving black marks whereever his fingers touched. He gave me a pill,--soap, covered with quinine --but I threw that into the pool, and made a face at him. Then he said my case was a very bad one, and rubbed a piece of orange peeling on my face. At last I was given my passport and a lock of Neptune's beautiful "ropey" beard. There were nine ladies who all went through the same thing more or less and then came the boys' turn!

The first young man was led by the "cops" to his cabin to prepare for the fight. While he was gone the barbers made ready for him. One sharpened an enormous wooden razor on a long piece of canvas for a strop. The other mixed flour and water in a pan with a paint brush for a shaving brush. Then came the victim in a pair of white pajamas, barefooted and ready to take the worst on the program. After a talk with Neptune, Mrs. Neptune grabbed him and tried to kiss him, almost mashing his head. He was next turned over to the doctor who felt his pulse, sprayed water over him, blacked his face a little, felt his pulse again, rubbed soap in his mouth, and finally passed him on to the barbers. They made him sit on the edge of the pool, rubbed his head and face over with the flour and water, shaved (?) him with the wooden razor and at last tipped him suddenly over into the pool, head foremost. All the men were treated after the same fashion, except that some had salts put in their mouths, rum or ammonia poured over their heads, and an egg broken over the top of it all! They ended up by putting every one into the pool except old Neptune and the Secretary.

Oxford, England.

Dear Miss Weimar:

I wish, oh! how I wish that you were all here with me in this quaint old-world place, for you would enjoy it hugely, even if you thought (as I do) that you would not wish to stay forever.

Oxford is very much more impressive than London, for the reason that it is absolutely English and old at that, while London is to a large extent like all big cities—cosmopolitan rather than national.

Nothing new could possibly have the atmosphere, the indescribable *something*, that these old, old piles of colleges have—with their moss-grown, weather-worn walls and half defaced carvings, sprawled over by creeper and ivy —such quantities of ivy everywhere—over the walls and trees—over the buildings, towers and gateways. So much greenery everywhere—laurel and evergreen, and roses still blooming, although I've nearly perished of cold,—it's so damp and penetrating. But the plants seem to thrive, for they are big and green and dense, so the whole effect is almost tropical. I'm fairly wild about the holly hedges, great high things with red berries twinkling in the cracks.

Of the colleges, Christ Church is to me the most impressive, with its beautiful old cathedral and wonderful dining hall. They say it is the second most impressive in England. The ceiling is very lofty and the walls are hung, row on row, with paintings, some of them by great men, of illustrious Christ Church men from the time of Queen Elizabeth. One of them, a Romney portrait of John Wesley, impressed me particularly.

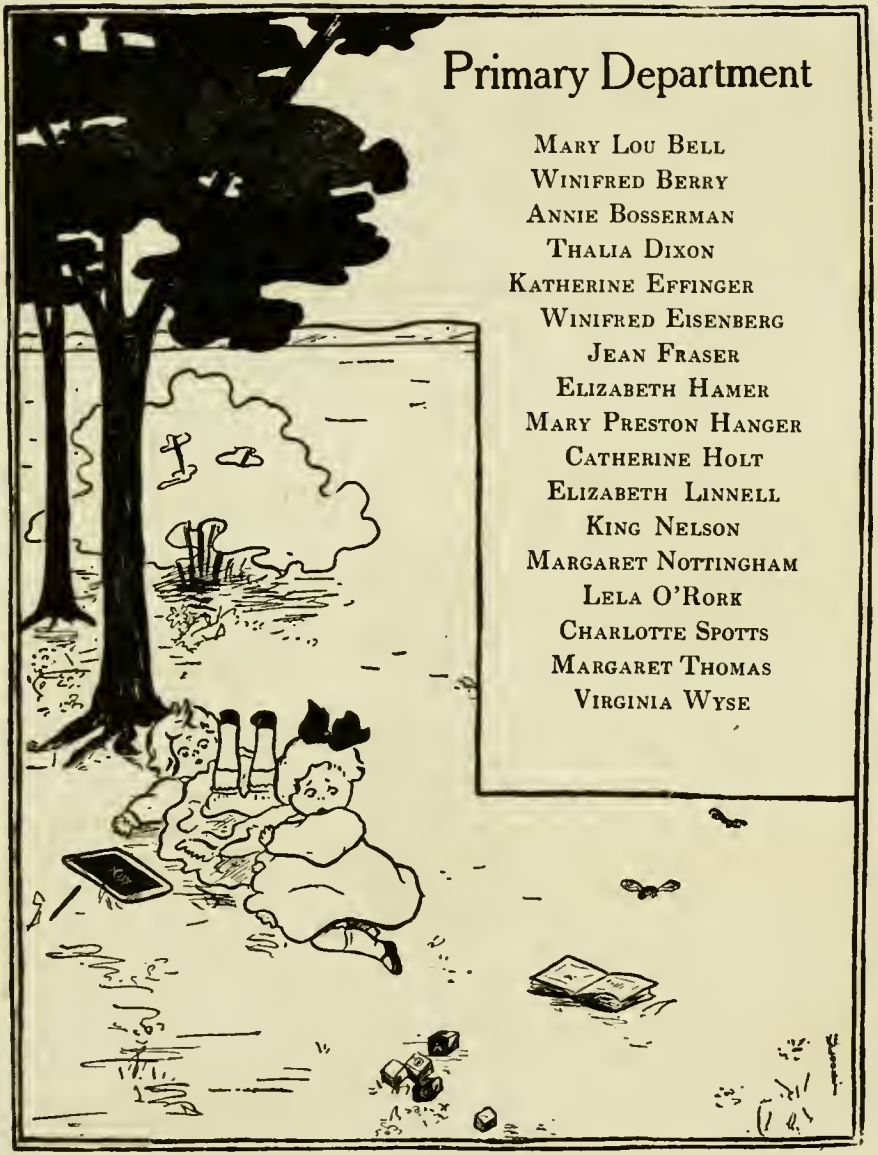
One of the towers of the College—"Tom Tower"—has in it bells which ring one hundred and one times, at nine-five p. m., commemorating the number of original scholars "on the foundation." They have rung so (really a fearful din'!) for centuries except on one night a few years ago when the present Duke of Marlborough came of age. There was a large ball at Blenheim Castle to which all the students were invited (the Duke was a Christ Church man.) The Dean would not let them go. In their rage they tore up the whole place, among other things cutting the bell ropes. So the next day they were all "gated," which, being translated, means shut up in their own grounds for some time.

The whole arrangement of Colleges and work is very different from the American way. Each College is a body quite by itself. Some of them have a hundred or two students and vary from year to year, but All Souls, with a great pile of buildings, a library and chapel, and so forth, all of its own, has and can have only *five* "fellows." They have tutors and chaplains and *choristers*, and any amount of servants simply for five men. Fancy the heavenly quiet of their Cloisters!

I have missed the Virginia autumn very much. It is very cold and gloomy and rainy in England in the fall—and the houses are horribly cold—America for comfort, even if we have no old, old buildings with historical halos.

Yours very sincerely,

Ellen Coalter Bates.



Primary Department

Mary Lou Bell
Winifred Berry
Annie Bosserman
Thalia Dixon
Katherine Effinger
Winifred Eisenberg
Jean Fraser
Elizabeth Hamer
Mary Preston Hanger
Catherine Holt
Elizabeth Linnell
King Nelson
Margaret Nottingham
Lela O'Rork
Charlotte Spotts
Margaret Thomas
Virginia Wyse

Our Drawing Class

On Monday and Wednesday morning we have our drawing class taught by Miss Meetze. We drew a pitcher this morning; we have drawn a banana, a candlestick, an onion, and some flowers. On Thanksgiving morning we had to draw a picture for Thanksgiving. I drew a tree and some pumpkins. I like drawing very much. When we draw good things, Miss Meetze hangs them on the wall for every body to see and admire.

WINIFRED VIRGINIA EISENBERG,
(Seven years old)

Sunday

I went to Sunday School and knew my golden text. My teacher is Mrs. Lewis, and I like her very much. I did not stay to church, because I was tired.

After dinner some of my little friends came to see me and we colored papers with crayons.

MARY CATHARINE HOLT,
(Eight years old).

Our Cat

A lady came to our house one morning with a little kitten and asked us if it was our kitten. Mother said it was not, so she took it back to her house. When I was coming home from school I heard a cat cry, but I did not know where it was. I looked around, and there it was on the street. I picked it up and it crawled up on my shoulder. I took it home and gave it some milk. It was little and now it is a grown cat. It is about three years old. We call it White-foot, because all its feet are white.

MARY PRESTON HANGER,
(Nine years old).

An M. B. S. Toast

Here's to the school of high esteem,
That's in a sunny clime;
Here's to the best in all the South,
The one we'll love all the time.
Here's to the girls we go with now,
Here's to the teachers, too;
Here's to the scene of happiest days,—
Old Baldwin, here's to you!

M. B. M.

JOKES – JINGLES
AND
GRINDS
FOR THE
BLUESTOCKING
K.D. STREET. '08

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it;
Never in the tongue of him that makes it."

Concerning Cases

To some it doubtless will seem base
In me, to speak in slighting tones
Of what is often called a " case "
And causes such heart-rending moans.

For some this state of mind is good
And their improvement's really great,
While others hardly touch their food
And look as if they sat up late.

Chalmers seems all in Ernest now,
And kindly looks on all the world;
With word or look she never Cutts,
And keeps her hair so nicely curled!

Anne Lebby once seemed rather poor,
But now all good things come her way;
For as soon as Nichols enters her door
Payne and want no longer stay.

Alice Hazzard has lost her mind,
Pierced, as she thinks, with Cupid's darts,—
But some day she'll her senses find
And not waste so much time on Hartz.

One marvelous change we're glad to note:
While once, to read she'd not endure,
Lilla now tries to learn by rote,
That attractive volume called " McCluer."

A Bad Dream

Once upon a morning snowy,— chill and cheerless, bleak and blowy —
As I sat in chapel dreaming of the feast the night before,
While I thought of chafing-dishes, suddenly there came a swish, as
Of silken skirts a-rustling,— softly rustling o'er the floor.
"'Tis Miss W.,"— I shuddered,— "coming o'er the chapel floor,—
Only she and nothing more."

How distinctly I remember, that night in our own bed-chamber,
When the flicker of a candle, spread its light upon the floor!
With no thought of future sorrow, free from shadow of the morrow,
Had we stirred the milk and chocolate,— chocolate for the toothsome fudge,—
For the brown and creamy substance that is known to all as fudge,—
Merely this and nothing more.

When a creepy sound uncertain, like the rustling of a curtain,
Deep had thrilled me,— filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.
Now, in vain, to still the beating of my heart, I kept repeating
"'Twas the midnight wind entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Not Miss W. entreating entrance at my chamber door —
'Twas the wind — and nothing more."

So, to break the silence yearning, boldly to Miss W. turning,—
"Sir," said I — "or rather, *Madam* — pardon me, I do implore.
Last night as I lay a-napping, came a very gentle tapping,
As of some one softly rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
And I fear perhaps a *burglar* was outside my chamber door,—
Surely that and nothing more!"

Deep into my eyes a-peering, long she stood there smiling, jeering,
Knowing that I lied to her as girls had lied before.
"Girl," she said, "as I was napping, I too, thought I heard a rapping,
And I softly went a-tapping, over to your bed-room door.
'Twas no burglar's light that vanished underneath your silent door,—
Yours it was and nothing more."

Of such fancies I must cure you, and from future frights insure you,
Lest midnight fudge again allure you, in the Infirmary I'll immure you;
Just a week,— and nothing more."

Who's What at M. B. S.

The Most Popular ---------- The Girl with the "Box."
The Biggest "Knocker" ---------- The Radiator
The Worst Bore ---------- The *Soirees*
The Most Brazen ---------- The Breakfast Bell
The Brightest ---------- Lights Around "Memorial"
The Saddest ---------- "Office"
The Neatest ---------- Any One's Room on Saturday
The Bluest ---------- Monday
The Most Attractive ---------- Main Street
The Most Monotonous ---------- Lessons
The Most Talkative ---------- Money
The Most Silent ---------- Rubber Heels
The Most Sociable ---------- "Whisky"
The Most Stylish ---------- The Uniform Hat

TIME TABLE.

M. B. S. R. R. MAIN LINE.

Schedule in effect Sept. 5, May 26. Subject to change without notice.

WEEK DAYS.

*Breakfast Flier*_____*7:30 a. m.

Often late in starting but usually makes up time on the way. Sleepers from terminals. *8:00 a. m. Saturdays and Sundays.

*Chapel Accommodation*_____8:40 a. m.

Mixed train, passengers and freight. Stops on flag at way stations.

*Mail and Express*_____4:00 p. m.

Observation Car, Cafe Car. All first-class coaches. Extra fare on train.

*Sunset Excursion*_____6:00 p. m. daily

*Late Local*_____9:30 p. m. daily.

*Candle Light Special*_____12:00 (midnight.)

Connects with all branches. Short cut *via* tunnels. Specially guarded against wreck. Through sleepers, dining and buffet cars. May be taken off without notice on orders from Main Office.

SATURDAYS ONLY.

*Office Limited*_____9:30 a. m.

Chair Cars only. Extra fare.

SUNDAYS ONLY.

*Uniform Express Excursion*_____ 10:45 a. m. / 7:45 p. m.

Observation Car, sleepers. Through passengers only. No stops at way stations.

E. C. W.
General Passenger Agent.

Appreciations

Mr. King — "A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving or more loyal —, never beat within a human breast."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet — "Living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven."

Gretchen Bell — "Content thyself to be obscurely good."

Annie Tillery — "Let me play the fool!"

Kate Earle — "I loved her well, I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love."

Nell Carrington — "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever."

Sara Nichols — "A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns."

Eloise Morrison — "Unthinking, idle, wild and young."

Mary Lou Dull — "L'enfant terrible."

Mary Bell Crittenden — "A being found to amuse her graver friends."

E. Puller — "Gone, but not forgotten."

Emily Robinson — "Can we ever have too much of a good thing?"

Dorothy Graves — "Ez to my principles, I glory in havin' nothin' o' the sort."

Alice Hazzard — "No true love there can be
Without it's dreaded penalty — jealousy."

"The Hagerstowns" — "War, war, is still the cry, war even to the knife!"

Linn — "After all, what is a lie? 'Tis but the truth in masquerade."

Mary Belle Hobson — "Eyes of unholy blue."

Annie Lebby — "Hold the fort for I am coming!"

Matilda Omwake — "With study pale and midnight vigil's spent."

Gertrude Garden — "She has eaten me out of house and home."

Laura Lettie Smith — "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Bess Chenoweth — "The heart to dare, the will to do."

Lilla N. — "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her *infinite variety.*"

Ruth Bradley — "'Twas certain she could write, and cipher, too."

Claudia Fraser — "Blessed are the meek."

Bessie Kelly — "She is a winsome wee thing."

Thalia Gillet — "I never dare to be as funny as I can."

Mary Thompson — "Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Marie Easley — "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Virginia Mish — "The brightness of her cheeks would shame the stars."

Anna Apgar — "She looks as clean as morning roses newly washed with dew."

Fluffy Ruffles — "The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

M. B. S. Cases — "Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?"

Sue Dishman — "One vast substantial smile."

Midnight Feasts — "So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more."

Helen Campbell — "Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."

Cecilia Payne — "Give every man thine ear but few thy voice."

History Class Under Miss R.—"They spake not a word: but like dumb statues or breathing stones, star'd on each other and look'd deadly pale!"

Mother Chase — "Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on: as I have a soul, she is an angel."

Chalmers and Ernestine — "Hear it not, ye stars!"

Faculty — "Drest in a little brief authority."

Editors — "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print."

LATIN EXAM.

No more sleeping
Through the early dawn,
No more "casing"
On the college lawn;
No more reading
Sentimental rhyme,
No more dreaming
Of the summer-time.
Settle down to "cramming"
Virgil's flowing verse,
Mind and memory growing
Every minute worse.

Mother Goose Up to Date

Virginia has a jolly dad,
Whose fame we all well know;
He followed her to school one day
And gave us all a show.
He told his jokes and griefs and cranks,
And entertained us so
That all the girls and teachers laughed,
In time with his banjo.

Lilla, she took anti-fat,
And Maggie, anti-lean,
And so to-day they, both of them,
Are comely to be seen.

There is a girl in our school,
And she is wondrous wise;
At morn she studies and at night—
She'll sure put out her eyes.

The scholarships she takes with ease,
And finishes every book,
Of course, you know the girl I mean,
Is Mabel Hardenbrook.

Miss Anne's a maid from Trenton-town,
She keeps dear Bobby trotting 'round.
She borrowed a plume
And in beauty did bloom,
But alas! for borrowing (?) was called down!

Annie Lebby everyone knows,
By all her acts, good nature shows;
She is always sunny, happy and bright,
And ever ready to say "all right!"

M. B. H.

A Strange Girl

IT is a girl, but who can it be? and why is she so dressed at this time of the day?" A crowd of girls stood gazing out of a window.

"Why, child, that can't be one of our girls, for don't you see how she stands looking toward the street?"

"That is certainly not a visitor, for she seems to be in a deep study and she is paying no attention to any of the girls in front of her."

"Well, some one had better tell her that she must not stand there watching the street, for people passing will think she is trying to attract their attention."

"O! I understand, it is one of the girls having her picture taken. Don't you see? Virginia has a kodak in her hand, and all the rest are watching her."

"She surely must be the beloved of all; for look at the crowd of girls around her now, and — see! they are having their pictures taken with their arms around her."

"Well, I wish I could make out who she is. Her clothes look mighty familiar, but she seems so dignified that I cannot imagine who it can be."

"If she isn't the queerest girl I ever saw! All this time she has not moved a hand, nor turned her head."

Just then in rushed a girl breathlessly panting: "Do you see that figure over on Memorial porch? Would you ever have thought that it was just — A DUMMY?"

Sad but True

Quiet reigned in the dining-room
When suddenly we heard a boom,
" What is it? What's that?" the silly girls cry,
And all to see the excitement try.

Now Anne is a girl both tall and fat;
Her chair wouldn't stand for all of that,
So it creaked a creak that was full of mystery,
And deserves to be handed down in history.

Down on the floor the maiden went,
And the meal was neglected by all, intent
On the lass just rising from under the table,
Who blushingly stammered, " It's awful, Mabel!"

When all this happened to Anne, so bold,
Our teacher was absent,—our pattern, our mold;
Without her restraint we laughed loud and long,
But were later convinced that this was all wrong.

MORAL

When teachers are absent, laid up with the grippe,
A damsel her chair never, never should tip,
Nor "swipe" from the table, nor giggle with glee,
For actions like these simply CANNOT BE.

A teacher, though lost, will soon return,
Herself with these things she'll surely concern;
And on Saturday morning, I will be bound,
The naughty girls will in "office" be found.

Want Column

WANTED.—Longer nights and shorter days. M-T-LD- MW-K-

WANTED.—A few original Jokes.
B- - RD-F--D-T-RS.

WANTED.—The measles. M. B. S.

WANTED.—A "GUARD."
P- - L- N- GR- - D-R.

WANTED.—Red silk handkerchief.
L-LL- - N H-RR-S-N.

WANTED.—Remedy for "Cutts."
CH-LM-RS.

WANTED.—A switch.
FR-NC-S B-RD-TT.

WANTED.—A larger "rat."
K-TH-R-N- STR- - T.

Want Column

WANTED.—French Coach. Competent persons only need call.
—L-CT- D- P-GH.

WANTED.—150 persons to have their fortunes told. Ten cents—one dime!
MME —NN- - T-LL-RY.

WANTED.—The Gym closed.
MLLE M-R- - T.

WANTED.—Stronger chairs for
— NN- S- - L-R.

WANTED.—To know if the bell has rung. D-NH-M.

WANTED.—A clock for
L- - R- SM-TH.

Lost and Found

LOST.—Pipes. If found, please return to M-RY B-LL H-B-S-N.
Liberal Reward.

LOST—At Church Parlors,—My reputation. M-RY B-YD —Y-R.

LOST.—Cooking Utensils. Finder please return to
J-N-S and D-ST- - G-R.

LOST—At Skating Rink, three hearts. Sorely in need of them.
C-TTS; P-L-, N-X:

LOST.—The "charge" from the inside of a Fire Extinguisher. Liberal reward to any one who will put it back where it belongs. M. B. CR-TT-ND-N.

Lost and Found

FOUND.—A "Mann." Loser can get same by calling on
S-D- - H-BL-ST-N.

FOUND.—A Lamb.
D-R-THY L-W-S.

FOUND.—A preparation for extinguishing rats. Sample free.
M-RY CH-LM-RS.

FOUND.—That skipping does not pay.
K-T- N-WT-N.

FOUND.—Revised Rules on good behavior and proper conduct. Catalogue sent free. P. C.'S., M. B. S.

THROUGH BORROWED SPECTACLES.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

NAME	She is	She thinks she is	Chief Attraction	She wants to be	Probably will be	Usually Found
Fluffy	Stylish	Blase	Coiffure	Imitated	A fashion plate	Before her mirror
Maude H.	Good looking	Q. O. M.B.S.	Good looks	Admired	A "flirtee"	Talking to Dot
Miss Anne	Pretty	Fat	Hair	A debutante	What she wishes	In Sky High
Sara N.	Attractive	Engaged	Mouth	With Jack	With him	Reading letters
Dorothy L.	Sweet	Smitten	Winning ways	Twenty-one	That	With Spott
"Denham"	Petite	Dying	Feet	At Watertown	At home	With Rachel
Mary Belle H.	Affable	Cute	Figure	At W. & L.	At M. B. S.	Giggling
Nellie McC.	Fickle	Constant	Profile	A Pet	A little less	Spooning
Mabel Hardenbrook	Good	A saint	Sweet smile	A missionary	One	In Y.M.C.A.
Linn	Lucky	"Astute"	Hair	Happy	A Pole	Skipping
Lila Bees	?	Rushed	Curly locks (?)	A Star	A chorus girl	Curling her hair
Chalmers	Loved	An example	Her manner	With Ernestine	There	With her
Irene Whiteside	Nice	Cute	Snort	With "Nixie"	Alone	No. 7 Hill Top
Bessie Kelly	Stylish	Imposed on	Herself	An actress	A lady's maid	Rehearsing names, etc

THROUGH BORROWED SPECTACLES
(Continued.)

NAME	She is	She thinks she is	Chief Attraction	She wants to be	Probably will be	Usually Found
Thalia	Sweet	Unlucky	Playing	Loved	A Texas cowgirl	Waiting
Beau Hazzard	Good looking	Smitten	Dancing	Rich	Married	Fussing
Hester	Loquacious	Intellectual	Hair	A Graduate	An old maid	Talking
Ernestine	Cute	A serenader	Nose	A sensation	Sought after	Looking for "eats"
Hartz Horrell	Indifferent	"It"	Eyes	Heart Smasher	A spinster	With her Cases
Lamb	A jolly good fellow	Ugly	Disposition	In Tokio	"Away for a few days"	In the midst of things
Elizabeth S.	A kid	Grown up	Complexion	"Spry"	"Lazy"	Asleep
"Maggie Baloney"	D's rival	Worked	Cheerfulness	Marked "L"	A fat lady	In the Hagerstown room
Lilian H.	A Case	Funny	Her laugh	A "dare-devil"	Caught	Not gig-gling(so she says)

Local Ads.

REMARKABLE REMEDY.—Side-Splitters for the Blues. Dealer: M. B. CRITTENDEN.

IT'S ALL THE RAGE.—Learn the Art of Sneezing. MLLE. MARY STEELE gives lessons at all hours.

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!!—All the latest Styles. NICHOLS & SAILOR, leading firm at M. B. S.

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HESTER RIDDLE.

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Jaunty air and swaggering walk acquired at MME. TURNER'S SCHOOL. Send for Catalogue.

Beautiful Complexions Guaranteed!—MADAME McDONALD'S CREAM. Send for Circular.

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ARE YOU TOO THIN?—I will help you. Secret sent free on application to
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Librarian.

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SELECT DANCING CLASSES—at Practice Hall.—Polka, Fandangoes, and Merry Widow Waltzes taught. Classes from 8 to 9 nightly.

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To Whom it May Concern

THE following curious document came into our hands torn and in part illegible. Whether the writer survived the effort seems uncertain. Although undated and unsigned, the manuscript may prove of some historic interest, so we append a copy, leaving blank spaces where it could not be read.

"I, the undersigned, being a student of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, and in my right mind and judgment, do bequeath, in this my Last Will and Testament, to the revered and beloved Teachers of said Institution, certain of my worldly possessions as follows: To-wit:—First and foremost, to our endeared Principal, I do bequeath a new *Exterminator* of my own invention: "Rough on Kable-ites."

To Miss Martha Riddle, all shades of departed Confederate Veterans, feeling that she will deal gently with them.

To Miss ——ler, a Morris chair,— hoping that she will use it to "sit on" instead of the girls.

To Miss Botsford, the patience of Job.

To Miss Mattoon, I leave another brother-in-law with the express desire that she ———————— a little rest.

To Miss Hurlburt, a bottle of anti-fat to be used as necessity dictates.

To Mademoiselle, a bottle of soothing syrup, hoping that it will be taken when most sorely needed.

To Fraulein, I bequeath with my best wishes, "First Steps in English."

To Miss ————, a spy-glass.

To Miss Hardy, a new red kim ——.

To Miss McLean, the latest novel, to occupy her eyes and time in Study Hall.

To Miss Sadie Meetze, my most devoted "case," begging her not to———.

To Miss Frost, Miss ————'s table.

To Miss Brewster, a Teddy Bear, knowing that she will take pleasure in it.

To Miss Plumer, a pair of long white kid gloves with the injunction that "she look before she ———."

To Miss Isabel Mets, a pair of seven-league boots.

To Miss MacInnis,— another pair.

To Miss Nannie Tate, an adding-machine for use on "stationery days."

Moreover, I do give and bequeath to Miss Shawen all the books that we should have liked to read ourselves, but ——

To Miss Streit, I leave a new supply of "red tape" with my good will.

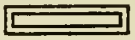
To Miss Price, a "little consideration," since the girls never show her any.

To Mr King, I would give a good long summer vacation, with strict injunction to make use of it; a hunting horn; a white horse, and a red ——.

Codicil: To Mr. Johnson, I bequeath a dummy for target practice, so that his revolver may prove more useful.

Signed and sealed, this ————.

[The rest of the paper is entirely missing.]



EMERGENCY

Please lend me your French exercise!
Oh, give it to me at once,
Or I'll have to tell such awful lies
To keep from seeming a dunce.

CAUTION

I stood in the hall at midnight
When the mice were scampering by;
I drew my kimono closer
But uttered never a cry.

Almost a Tragedy

Three little grape-fruits sitting on a sill
Along came some Kable-ites, walking up the hill;
Monday was their holiday,— they were "on a tear,"—
Jumped up on the terrace — "Billy" didn't care.

Rushing to the window, the girls flung up the sash,
Grabbed in every grape-fruit — rescued in a flash.
Sudden at the portal came a sounding knock;
Quickly to the closet, the girls began to flock!

At last a girl, courageous, opened wide the door,
Met the teacher meekly — eyes upon the floor.
"Please explain, young ladies, this unseemly noise,"—
Finger stern, uplifted, pointed at the boys.

Explanations given, teacher asked to stay,—
All enjoyed the grape-fruit, but the boy,— who ran away.

Wise and Otherwise

Miss S.—"Marion, do ancestors come before you or after?"
Marion—"Why, after!"

J. N.—"Who is that play by, anyway?"
E. S. (turning to the last page)—"It is by Falls — Curtain Falls. Queer name, isn't it?"

First Girl—(at the table)—"Is that girl Elizabeth Cumming or Going?"
Second Girl—"Oh, I think she is here."

An anxious student wishes to know "What is the effect of standing and sitting on the lungs?"

A Valuable Test—"Arsenic may be detected by the odor and by the fact that it brings many people to their death."

No Wonder People Were Intelligent—"In the time of Shakespeare the atmosphere for learning was in the air outside the church as well as in the cathedrals."

In Heidelberg I bought a "stein,"
It's shape was like a friend of mine,—
'Twas Emily
You plainly see,
But anyhow we like her "fine."

First Girl—"We are to have a talk on College Settlements. What is a College Settlement,— do you know?"
Second Girl—"Why, I believe it is a place where young professors go to get married."

Miss H. in Chemistry (preparing for an experiment)—"Carrie, have you any alcohol?"

Carrie—"No, Ma'am; Miss Weimar got all of mine, yesterday!"

Earnest Bible Student—"Wasn't it Abraham's wife that was turned to a pillar of salt?"

Scornful Room-mate—"No, goosie; it was Saul's wife."

Who asked if it was "Bedlam or the Tower of *Babble*, where they made so much fuss?"

A Matter of Shakesperian Interpretation—First Girl—"A *Lazar* was a place where diseases were kept."

Second Girl—"No; in that passage 'Lazar' refers to people playing tennis. In the 'chase' or effort to keep the ball up, they became very *tired*,—that is,—lazy."

An embryo etymologist inquires if the origin of the word "weed" in its old meaning of a garment, goes back to the fig-leaf of Eden.

D. O. is puzzled about Leap-Year. "How do they fix it, anyway? Do they just add one more day to each month? I never could quite see through it."

There is a young girl here named T——r:
These verses perhaps do concern her.
By her little waist and "golden" hair,
Her manly talk and *blase* air,
Most easily you can discern her.

M. B. S. Directory

Abbey, Katherine Temple ——Kingston, N. Y.
Agee, Agnes——Camden, Ark.
Anderson, Myrtle Alice ——Staunton, Va.
Andrews, Rebecca Rowena ——Staunton, Va.
Apgar, Anna Marie —— ——Trenton, N. J.
Armentrout, Marguerite Littleton —Marshall, Mo.
Armstrong, Dorothy Crawford—El Dorado, Ark.
Armin, Fay Katherine ——Flatonia, Texas
Ashbrook, Julia Lynn——Ashbrook, Neb.
Ashbrook, Katherine Montague —Ashbrook, Neb.
Ayer, Mary Boyd——Louisville, Ky.
Berry, Dorothy Bell ——Staunton, Va.
Berry, Winifred Reynolds ——Staunton, Va.
Bainbridge, Hattie——Louisville, Ky.
Barco, Juanita Berenice ——Edwardsville, Ill.
Bassell, Margaret Elizabeth—Lost Creek, W. Va.
Bell, Elizabeth Arbuthnot ——Staunton, Va.
Bell, Gretchen McCue——Staunton, Va.
Bell, Jessie Walden ——Staunton, Va.
Bell, Mary Lou ——Staunton, Va.
Bell, Sarah James——Staunton, Va.
Bell, Sarah Kent——Dublin, Va.
Berlin, Lillian Martz ——Bridgewater, Va.
Berthy, Mary E. ——Cowen, W. Va.
Blackburn, Fay Nelson——Staunton, Va.
Billick, Lida Mary ——Monongahela, Penna.
Boggs, Rosalie Frances —Monongahela, Penna.
Borland, Racheal Weaver—Monongahela, Penna.
Bosler, Charlotte ——Dayton, Ohio
Bosserman, Annie Clemmer ——Staunton, Va.
Bowdoin, Nellie Imogene——Dothan, Ala.
Bradley, Reba Beryle ——Manchester, Va.
Bradley, Ruth ——Abbeville, Ala.
Brown, Claudine Mercedes——Kansas City, Mo.
Brown, Sue Irene ——Kansas City, Mo.
Bryan, Katherine ——Titusville, Penna.
Buist, Christine Spillman——Moorestown, N. J.
Burdette, Frances Hedges—Martinsburg, W. Va.
Byers, Florence——Hutchinson, Kan.
Caldwell, Emma Lee——Austin, Texas
Campbell, Helen Mary——Butler, Penna.
Cantelou, Mary ——Wetumpka, Ala.
Carpenter, Mary Roller——Harrisonburg, Va.
Carrington, Nell ——South Boston, Va.
Chalmers, Mary Fenelon ——Richmond, Va.
Chenoweth, Bessie——Indianapolis, Ind.
Cheeseman, Frances Sarah—— Richmond, Ind.
Collier, Claudia Celeste——New York City, N. Y.
Connell, Alma Gertrude ——Staunton, Va.
Cooke, Viola Endymion ——Newark, N. J.
Copeland, Nannie Louise ——Hampton, Va.
Coleman, Birdie Elizabeth—— ——Staunton, Va.
Crackel, Carrie Marina——Vincennes, Ind.
Crackel, Lula Martha——Vincennes, Ind.
Crim, Lucile ——Philippi, W. Va.
Crittenden, Louise——Greenville, Miss.
Crittenden, Marguerite——Greenville, Miss.
Crittenden, Mary Belle——Greenville, Miss.
Crockett, Arlie Wheeler —— ——Centralia, Mo.
Cullingworth, Mary Phoebe ——Richmond, Va.
Cummings, Jennie Elizabeth—Summerfield, N. C.
Cutts, Ernestine——Savannah, Ga.
Dabney, Ruth ——Newport News, Va.
Davidson, Margaret Ruth —Connellsville, Penna.
Davis, Sara Richards ——Milford, Del.
Denham, Mary Ellen——Jacksonville, Fla.
Dishman, Sue Hodge ——Madisonville, Ky.
Dixon, Ethel Francis ——Staunton, Va.
Dixon, Mary Thalia ——Staunton, Va.
Donaghy, Elinor Violetta— ——East Orange, N. J.
Downer, Catherine Procia —Monongahela, Penna.
Dudley, Emma Caroline——Ft. Defiance, Va.
Dudley, Jennie Mayes——Washington, Va.
Duffy, Ruth Emmert ——Washington, D. C.
Dull, Mara Lou——Connellsville, Penna.
Easley, Marie Darling ——South Boston, Va.
Easley, Bessie Thornton ——South Boston, Va.
Eaves, Mabelle Evelyn ——Denver, Col.
Eddins, Islay Janet——Gainesville, Fla.
Edwards, Mary Louise ——Washington, D. C.
Effinger, Katherine Taylor ——Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Lillian Wilhelmina ——Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Luise Katherine ——Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Mary Caroline——Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Winifred Virginia ——Staunton, Va.
Emmons, Marion ——Huntington, W. Va.
England, Doris Lucile ——Pittsburg, Penna.
Ferguson, Mary Scott ——Staunton, Va.
Firebaugh, Annie Florence——Staunton, Va.
Fisk, Margaret Norris——East Orange, N. J.
Folk, Martha Melissa ——Middlebrook, Va.
Fraser, Mary Claudia——Sumter, S. C.
Fraser, Jean ——Staunton, Va.
Fulton, Nannie Brownlee——Staunton, Va.
Furr, Laura Leona——Rolla, Va.
Gant, Corinna Harper——Burlington, N. C.
Garden, Gertrude ——Wheeling, W. Va.
Giles, Anna Estelle——Orlando, Fla.

Gilkeson, Sarah Emily ---- Parkersbuig, W. Va.
Gilkeson, Margaret Booker - Parkersburg, W. Va.
Gillespie, Mayola ---- Tazewell, Va.
Gillett, Thalia Louise ---- Del Rio, Texas
Going, Elizabeth Pryor ---- Birmingham, Ala.
Grattan, Mary Heneberger ---- Harrisonburg, Va.
Graves, Dorothy ---- Washington, D. C.
Graves, Alice Josephine ---- Crawford, Texas
Greider, Pauline Antrim ---- East Orange, N. J.
Grier, Martha Scott ---- Dunbar, Penna.
Grinnan, Isabel Randolph - Hendersonville, N. C.
Habliston, Sadie ---- Richmond, Va.
Hagar, Mary Elizabeth ---- Ashland, Ky.
Hamer, Elizabeth Kate ---- Staunton, Va.
Hanger, Mary Preston ---- Staunton, Va.
Hankins, Douglas ---- Staunton, Va.
Hardenbrook, Mabel Leonore - Long Beach, Cal.
Harris, Maude Theus ---- Savannah, Ga.
Harrison, Helen Holmes ---- Flatonia, Texas
Harrison, Lilian Gorham - Martinsburg, W. Va.
Haynie, Marie Louise ---- Austin, Texas
Hays, Ida Gertrude ---- Jackson, Tenn.
Hazzard, Alice Johnstone ---- Georgetown, S. C.
Hazzard, Lily Beaumont ---- Georgetown, S. C.
Headley, Frances Carter ---- Lexington, Ky.
Heath, Mary ---- Port Gibson, Miss.
Heck, Elsa Georgine ---- East Orange, N. J.
Henderson, Anne ---- Fort Smith, Ark.
Henderson, Maggie Eldredge ---- Staunton, Va.
Henderson, Cliffie Mabel ---- Staunton, Va.
Hendon, Carolyn Edlyn ---- Springville, Ala.
Henshaw, Nannie Elizabeth - Martinsburg, W. Va.
Hickerson, Gena ---- McGregor, Texas
Hobson, Mary Belle ---- Frankfort, Ky.
Holladay, Isabel Painter ---- Staunton, Va.
Holt, Mary Catharine ---- Staunton, Va.
Hook, Louise Warfield ---- Baltimore, Md.
Horrell, Hartz ---- Pasadena, Cala.
Houchins, Flora Ellen ---- Clifton Forge, Va.
Hover, Mary Throckmorton ---- Denver, Colo.
Howison, Ellen Moore ---- Staunton, Va.
Holcomb, Helen Carroll ---- Flushing, L. I.
Hull, Lucile ---- Canton, Penna.
Hull, Mary Lyon ---- Augusta, Ga.
Hughes, Mary Winder ---- New Berne, N. C.
Irwin, Martha Griffith ---- Wheeling, W. Va.
Jackson, Susie Vileta ---- Denver, Colo.
Johns, Druanna ---- Uniontown, Penna.
Johns, Lucy Beach ---- Uniontown, Pa.
Jones, Achsah Waters ---- Washington, D. C.
Jones, Bertinia ---- Kansas City, Mo.
Jones, Marsha ---- Denver, Colo.
Jones, Mary Madison ---- Augusta, Ga.
Kelly, Bessie Williams ---- Norfolk, Va.
Kenan, Verda ---- Seymour, Texas
Kette, Helen Christine ---- Vicksburg, Miss.
Kincheloe, Ada Gibson ---- Upperville, Va.
Kinnier, Victoria ---- Lynchburg, Va.
Lacy, Fannie Lee ---- Pembroke, Ky.
Lamb, Lucie Winder ---- Norfolk, Va.
Lambert, Agnes Morton ---- Waynesboro, Va.
Lamberton, Bessie Marie ---- Covington, Ky.
Landes, Bessie Wallace ---- Staunton, Va.
Lang, Irma Staritt ---- Staunton, Va.
Lankford, Helena ---- Staunton, Va.
La Velle, Ruth Bondurant ---- Waynesboro, Va.
Lebby, Anne Elizabeth ---- Summerville, S. C.
Leftwich, Kate Herr, ---- Staunton, Va.
Le Master, Josephine Margaret - Memphis, Tenn.
Le Moine, Mary Spottswood ---- Petersburg, Va.
Lewis, Dorothy Byrd ---- Denver, Colo.
Lightner, Mary Virginia ---- Swoope, Va.
Lindley, Annie Maie ---- Pomona, N. C.
Linn, Mary Katherine ---- Salisbury, N. C.
Linnell, Elizabeth Cochran ---- Catskill, N. Y.
Linnell, Gertrude Baldwin ---- Catskill, N. Y.
Lipscomb, Mary Janie ---- Charlottesville, Va.
Luttrell, Margaret Louise ---- Knoxville, Tenn.
Markell, Catherine ---- Hagerstown, Md.
May, Grace ---- Beaver Falls, Penna.
McCluer, Nelle Caroline ---- Richmond, Va.
McCue, Bessie ---- Ft. Defiance, Va.
McCue, Elizabeth Wallace - French Camp, Miss.
McCue, Helen ---- Ft. Defiance, Va.
McCue, Mabel ---- Ft. Defiance, Va.
McDonald, Aleta ---- Birmingham, Ala.
McEachern, Margaret ---- Savannah, Ga.
McFaden, Mary ---- Richmond, Va.
McLeod, Aleine ---- Bennettsville, S. C.
Miller, Alice ---- Vicksburg, Miss.
Miller, Mary Ayres ---- Indianapolis, Ind.
Miller, Virginia Lee ---- Bon Air, Va.
Mish, Anna Virginia ---- Middlebrook, Va.
Mitchell, Rose Elizabeth ---- Oakland, Va.
Mohler, John Henryetta - Rockbridge Baths, Va.
Moore, Helen Gibbs ---- Staunton, Va.
Morrison, Dorothy ---- Denver, Colo.
Morrison, Eloise Frances ---- Denver, Colo.
Moseley, Leslie Fontin ---- Mt. Hope, W. Va.
Myers, Evelyn Forrest ---- Kankakee, Ill.
Neff, Beulah Ray ---- Staunton, Va.
Nelson, Clara King ---- Staunton, Va.
Newton, Katie Monroe ---- Bennettsville, S. C.
Newton, Martha Brooks ---- Bennettsville, S. C.
Nichols, Lilla Dale ---- Savannah, Ga.
Nichols, Sara Lamb ---- Savannah, Ga.
Nix, Helen Dorotby ---- New York City, N. Y.
Noel, Edna Marion ---- Baltimore, Md.

Nottingham, Margaret ---------- Staunton, Va.
Oldham, Marie ---------- New York City, N. Y.
Olin, Lila Bess ---------- Montgomery, Ala.
Omwake, Matilda Mitchell - Waynesboro, Penna.
O'Rork, Lela James ---------- Staunton, Va.
Osenton, Daisy Rebecca --- Fayetteville, W. Va.
Osenton, Eugenia Alderson - Fayetteville, W. Va.
Overman, Dorothy Baldwin --- East Orange, N. J.
Pancake, Elizabeth ---------- Staunton, Va.
Payne, Cecilia ---------- Montgomery, Ala.
Payne, Lucile ---------- Staunton, Va.
Peale, Margaret Read ---------- Harrisonburg, Va.
Pearcy, Ethel Pauline ---------- New Milford, W. Va.
Philips, Susan Brotherton -- Waynesboro, Penna.
Pipkin, Mary Robinson ---------- Farmington, Mo.
Plowden, Rebecca Caroline ---------- Churchville, Va.
Pole, Helen Antrim ---------- Lorraine, Ohio
Potter, Ella Lucile ---------- Staunton, Va.
Power, Emma Gaskell ---------- Chicago, Ill.
Priddie, Louise ---------- Beaumont, Texas
Priddy, May Merriman ---------- Norfolk, Va.
de Pugh, Electa ---------- New Rochelle, N. Y.
Puller, Emily Miller ---------- West Point, Va.
Rankin, Ruth Somers ---------- Savannah, Ga.
Rawlings, Anna Louise ---------- Staunton, Va.
Rayroux, Marie Felicie ---- Carlsbad, New Mex.
Riddle, Hester Leavenworth ---------- Norfolk, Va.
Robinson, Emily Taylor ---------- Lexington, Va.
Rohrbough, Gay ---------- Salem, W. Va.
Rowland, Dorothy ---------- Yonkers, N. Y.
Saffell, Onita Blaine ---------- Lawrenceville, Ky.
Sailor, Ann Wilson ---------- Pittsburg, Penna.
Scott, Agnes ---------- Staunton, Va.
Searles, Sara ---------- Vicksburg, Miss.
Shaffer, Viola Edith ---------- Olean, N. Y.
Shepherd, Elizabeth Poston ---- Memphis, Tenn.
Sherwood, Marion Virginia --- Watervliete, Mich.
Shields, Mary Mabel ---------- Seymour, Ind.
Shumate, Marion ---------- Abiline, Texas
Skinker, Clothilde Madison ---- White Post, Va.
Skinker, Dorothy Anne ---------- White Post, Va.
Smith, Amy Dorothy ---------- Olean, N. Y.
Smith, Laura Lettie ---------- Houston, Texas
Smith, Mary Davis ---------- Clifton Forge, Va.
Smith, Nettie Waddell ---------- Staunton, Va.
Speck, Rachel Margaret ---------- Staunton, Va.
Spotts, Charlotte ---------- Staunton, Va.
Staley, Elizabeth Mary ---------- Hagerstown, Md.
Steele Anna K. ---------- Hutchinson, Kan.
Steele, Martha Belle ---------- Hutchinson, Kan.
Steele, Mary ---------- New York City, N. Y.
de Steiguer, Virginia ---------- Cameron, Mo.
Stone, Aimee ---------- Greenville, Miss.
Strauss, Fannie Barth ---------- Staunton, Va.
Street, Katherine Dorman ---------- Nashville, Tenn.
Switzer, Lena Virginia ---------- Philippi, W. Va.
Switzer, Virginia Watson ---------- Staunton, Va.
Swope, Mary Lou ---------- Deming, New Mex.
Tabb, Mary Argyle ---------- Staunton, Va.
Terrell, Kate Earle ---------- Birmingham, Ala.
Terrell, Margaret Steele ---------- Birmingham, Ala.
Thom, Annie ---------- Lowmoor, Va.
Thomas, Margaret Lydia -- Millboro Springs, Va.
Thompson, Mary Beaver ---------- Milroy, Penna.
Thornton, Pauline Taylor ---------- Austin, Texas
Thurman, Lillian ---------- New York City, N. Y.
Tidball, Nell ---------- Fayetteville, Ark.
Tidwell, Jessie ---------- Ennis, Texas
Tillery, Annie Vyne ---------- Rocky Mount, N. C.
Tilly, Margaret Clarence ---------- Ashland, Va.
Timberlake, Elizabeth Hart ---------- Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Nannie Fauntleroy --- Staunton, Va.
Todd, Mary Evelyn ---------- Shelbyville, Ky.
Townsend, Florence M. ---------- Washington, D. C.
Tredway, Evelyn Byrd ---------- Chatham, Va.
Tucker, Gertrude Amelia ---------- Raleigh, N. C.
Tucker, Marie Octavia ---------- Raleigh, N. C.
Turner, Dorothy Caldwell ---------- Norfolk, Va.
Vance, Margaret ---------- Newark, N. J.
Van Story, Mary Carolyn ---------- Greensboro, N. C.
Varden, Susan Cecilia ---------- Mercersburg, Penna.
Walker, Gladys Faxon ---------- Staunton, Va.
Walker, Margaret Robson ---------- Staunton, Va.
Walton, Mildred Bryan ---------- Albemarle, La.
Wayman, Lelia Cassell ---------- Staunton, Va.
Webster, Hester Estelle ---------- Cambridge, Md.
Weller, Margaret ---------- Staunton, Va.
Welling, La Dusca Helen ---------- Chicago, Ill.
Westermann, Margaret Luise ---------- Attica, N. Y.
Whiteside, Irene Louise ---------- Chattanooga, Tenn.
Wholey, Loretta ---------- Staunton, Va.
Wiebel, Ruth Helen ---------- Hagerstown, Md.
Willis, Mary Josephine ---------- Shelbyville, Ky.
Wilson, Harriet ---------- New Ferry, Va.
Willson, Janet Brown ---------- Staunton, Va.
Wilson, Rafalia Olivia ---------- Gainesville, Fla.
Wine, Mary Elizabeth ---------- Staunton, Va.
Wise, Laura Ward ---------- Staunton, Va.
Wood, Nellie Thompson ---------- Amherst, Va.
Woods, Mary ---------- Hume, Ill.
Wright, Edith Graham ---------- Williamsport, Md.
Wyse, Anna Belle ---------- Staunton, Va.
Wyse, Virginia Grace ---------- Staunton, Va.
Yocom, Margaret ---------- Tacoma, Wash.
Yocom, Elizabeth ---------- Tacoma, Wash.
Young, Isabel Allen ---------- Delaware, Ohio
Young, Lelia May ---------- Bodley, Va.
Young, Viola Skene ---------- Peru, Ind.
Zerkle, Edith Chilton ---------- St. Albans, W. Va.

Calendar

1907

September 5—Opening of School.
September 7—Clothes Pin Party in New Building.
September 14—Y. W. C. A. Reception to New Girls.
September 28—Mrs. Ogilvie, of St. Louis, entertained Miss Weimar and her former Teachers of the M. B. S.

October 4—Mary Baldwin's Birthday.—Rain.—Z. T. Z. Feast.
October 11—Stonewall Brigade Band at Beverley Theatre.
October 18—Supper at Second Presbyterian Church.
October 26—Faculty Recital.
October 29-31—Festival of Holidays at Y. M. C. A.
October 30—Wedding of Miss Timberlake.
October 31—Hallowe'en—Y. W. C. A. Entertainment.

November 2—Delta Sigma Phi Initiation and Banquet.
November 8—Schubert String Quartette in Chapel.
November 9—Alpha Sigma Alpha Initiation and Banquet.—C. O. D. Feast.
November 22—King's Daughters' Benefit in Chapel.
November 30—Alpha Delta Phi Initiation and Banquet.

December 7—German in Gymnasium.
December 14—" Pyramus and Thisbe."
December 19—Christmas Holidays began.

1908

January 2—School resumed.
January 17—Hutcheson Recital at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.
January 19—Lee-Jackson Celebration in the Beverley Theatre.
January 25—Chapter Delta of the Literary Society gave a Burns Program. K. F. C. Feast.
January 31—Professor Hamer's *Soiree.*

Calendar, (continued)

February 1—"The Hour-Glass," given by Miss Frost's Pupils.
February 7—Uuiversity of Virginia Dramatic Club at Beverley Theatre.
February 12—Schelling Recital in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.
February 14—"Mr. Bob," by Miss Frost's Pupils.
February 15—Lecture by Professor Kent of the University of Virginia.
February 21—"Dr. Luke of the Labrador," Dramatic Recital by Miss Katharine Oliver.
February 28—Professor Eisenberg's *Soiree.* Woodberry Forest Glee Club.

March 13—Holiday.
March 14—Lecture by Professor Kent.
March 20—Adelaide Thurston in "The Girl from Out Yonder" in Beverley Theatre.
March 27—Lecture by Professor Kent.

April 6—Holiday.
April 10—Miss Frost's *Soiree.*
April 20—Holiday.
April 24—Holiday.—Miss Brewster's *Soiree.*

May 2—Miss Mets' and Miss Plumer's *Soiree.*
May 22—Graduates' Recital.
May 23—Art Exhibition.
May 24—Baccalaureate Sunday.
May 25—Commencement Concert.
May 26—Commencement Exercises.—Address to Graduates.—Awarding of Diplomas and Honors.

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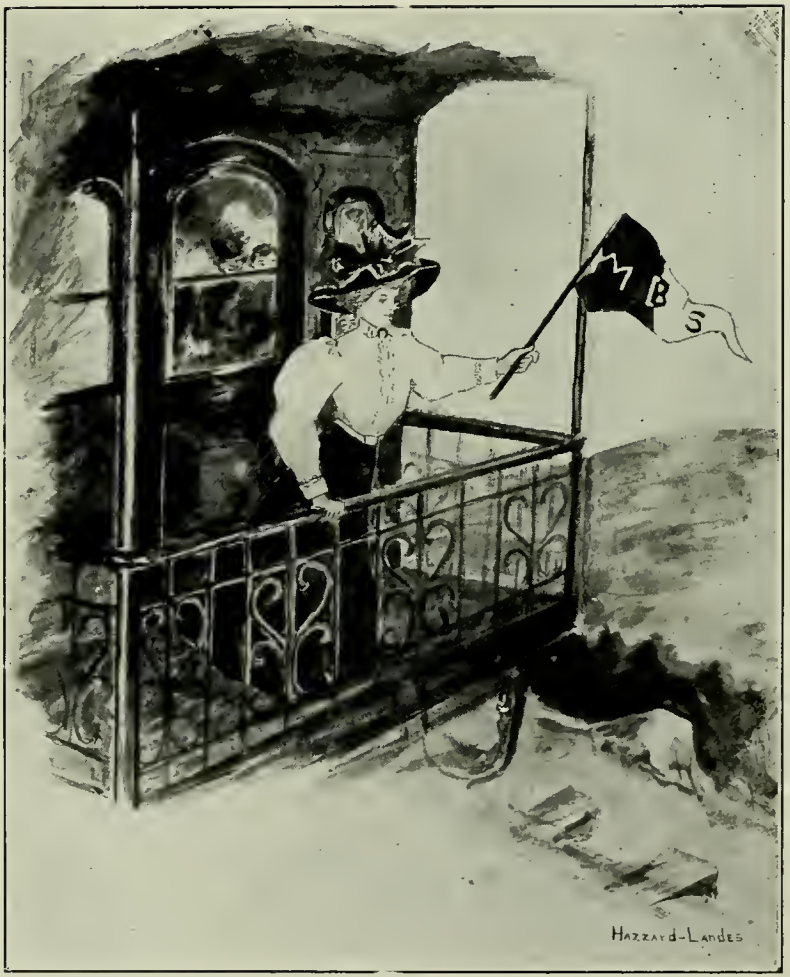
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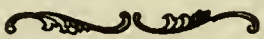

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